TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

Quiet and rest on mound and vale,
Slumber and hush o'er wave and wold;
Lingering beams of the sinking sun
Fencil the far, faint hills with gold.
The ripe, red moon of the Autumn time
Glows through the vapors purple and dim;
The sky is a waveless, azure sea,
And pale stars twinkle along its rim.

Clear from the dells a night-bird's cry
Pierces the air with its sweet complaint,
Till soothed by the shadows, soft and cool,
It dies in an echo of music faint.
Heart, mourn no more for the fleeting Spring,
For the Summer's passion and wild unrest;
God's angel walk's the earth to-night,
And the peace of Autumn fills every breast.

THE "STORY OF IDA."

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Weary of jangling voices never stilled,
The sceptic's sneer, the bigot's hate, the din
Of clashing texts, the webs of creed men spin
Round simple truth, the children grown who build
With gilded cards their new Jerusalem,
Despising the awful mystery of the soul
With sacerdotal tailoring, alb and stole,
I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from them
To the sweet story of the Florentine
Immortal in her blameless maidenhood,
Beautiful as God's angels and as good;
Feeling that life, even now, may be divine
With love no wrong can ever change to hate,
Nor sin make less than all-compassionate.

—*The Manhattan for October.*

KILLED AT THE FORD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The flower of whose height, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song;
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore on the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spoke in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to the saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
The white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood red.

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

THE THREE-CENT STAMP.

EUGENE FIELD.

Good-by, old stamp, it's nasty luck
That ends our friendship so,
When others failed you gamely stuck,
But now you've got to go.
So here's a flood of honest tears,
And here's an honest sigh—
For many years—good-by, good-by!
For many years—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Our life has been a varied one,
With curious phases fraught—
Sometimes a check, sometimes a dun,
Your daily coming brought;
Scribes to a waiting lover's face,
To a mother's eyes,
Or joy or pain to every place—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

You brave'y toiled, and better men
Will vouch for what I say;
Although you have been licked, 'twas when
Your fare turned t'other way,
'Twas often in a box you got
(As you will not deny)—
For going through the mails, I wot—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Ah, in your last expiring breath!
The tale of years is heard—
The sound of voices hushed in death,
A mother's dying word,
A maiden's answer, soft and sweet,
A wife's regretful sigh,
The patter of a baby's feet—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

What wonder, then, that at this time
When you and I must part,
I should aspire to speak in rhyme
The promptings of my heart?
Go take with all those memories dear
That live when others die—
You've nobly served your purpose here—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

—*Chicago News.*

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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The Coliseum—What It Was and What It Is.

LV.

American or European, he is a very stolid person who does not feel an emotion of some kind as he stands, for the first time, before the Colosseum. Even the Roman citizen should thrill every time he looks at it, and would were there a thrill in him. But he does not thrill at anything but the sight of something to eat. To him the Colosseum is merely a pile of stone, put there for no purpose that he knows of, and as the Indiana politician looked at it as a magnificent place to hold a mass meeting, so the only idea the Roman beggar has of it is, it would be a splendid place in which to sleep, would the police permit him. But as they don't he regards himself as being defrauded out of a dry resting place, and that is all.

It it a structure to thrill over, not only because of its wonderful extent, and the remnant of wonderful beauty, but because every grain of sand in the vast arena and every stone in the great walls has a history, and historic memories cluster all around it. To get to it you walk through the Forum, which is paved with history, the Forum trodden by Cæsar, Cato, and the long line of men immortal for their greatness, either in the direction of goodness or badness. Around the Colosseum clusters more historic memories than any other structure on the Continent, or possibly, in the world. It is the connecting link between the unknown past, that is far enough away from us to be dim and shadowy, to the beginning of our present. It is the noblest wreck of ancient Rome that has survived the ravages of time and the stupid greed of the generations that have followed its builders. It is a ruin, but a noble ruin, and greater and grander in its dilapidation than anything the moderns have ever attemped. Viewed from any point, at any time or under any conditions, it is a wonder which once seen is never forgotten.

The vast structure was built for the amusement of the Romans. It was commenced in 72 A. D. and dedicated 10 years later, though many years were required to finish it.

The structure was 157 feet high, 1,900 feet in circumference, and to build so immense a building in so short a time as 10 years is almost as much as a wonder as the building itself. But then the ancient Romans had facilities for building great works which modern governments do not enjoy.

HOW IT WAS BUILT.

Vespasian, who was its originator, had just completed the subjugation of Judea and the destruction of Jerusalem. As was the custom of the time, captives of war were made slaves, and a vast number of Jews had been brought to Rome captives, and 65,000 of them were set to work upon the Colosseum, and were kept employed till it was completed, those dying being easily replaced from the captives of other wars which Rome was waging.

The Jews have been great builders in their time for other nations. Captive Jews died by thousands that the Pyramids of Egypt might rise, to the wonderment of succeeding generations, and Jews built the Colliseum for the Romans. It is quite different now. Jews own the ground all about the Pyramids, and they own pretty much all there is of Rome. Jews built for Romans in the years gone by, but Romans build now for Jews. Money has supplanted steel, and the cunning of trade is mightier than the spear and buckler. The descendant of the despised Jew of Vespasian's time, now gives his directions to the Roman artisan, and lords it over him as completely, though not as cruelly, as Vespasian's arrogant officers did over the slaves who were erecting the vast structure. As the Jew has a mortgage upon nearly everything in Rome he would have one upon the Colosseum were it good security for anything. The Jew of Vespasian's time and the Jew of to-day are quite different persons.

As the material cost nothing and the labor was performed entirely by slaves, there was no trouble whatever in building one Colosseum or a dozen. To build anything in Rome in the old days was merely to keep a war on hand. The war brought slaves into the Imperial City; and, as the countries conquered not only paid the expenses of the war, but was held for taxation afterward, there was no reason why Rome should not be decorated with great works to any extent.

It was all very well for Rome till this constant accumulation of stolen wealth brought about a condition of luxurious living which so sapped the strength of the robbers that they couldn't rob any more and then Rome fell, and its great works crumbled into ruins. Nature provides an antidote for every ill. Robbery brought wealth, wealth brought luxury, luxury weakness and so the weak nations plundered got their revenge at last. Luxury did for Rome what it has for every country that has enjoyed it. The Roman lounging in his bath, with slaves to minister to him was not the same kind of a man as the poor half-shepherds and half-robbers who created the state. They had something to fight for and the strength to fight. When they had plundered the world, their descendants, having everything, had no incentive to enterprising plundering and had lost the strength to plunder. All of which goes to show that Nature is stronger than man, and in the end always brings matters out about right. It is the same in others walks of life as it is in National robbery. Vanderbilt, senior, run a clam-boat and amassed wealth. His son went on and accumulated, till he owns everything he can see. If his sons and grandsons would go on in the same way, they would, in time, own the whole world. But they will not. With a dozen hundreds of millions they say to themselves: "Why worry about money? We have more than we can spend—even the income is more than we can throw away." Then they commence a race with Folly and Folly always beats them. They sail yachts, and bet on horses, and keep women, and gamble and all that, and they get rid of the income and tackle the principal, and *finally*, after it is all gone, get down to work sailing clam-boats as did their progenitor Cornelius I. What is happening to families in America happened to Rome. The old Romans built the great City—their descendants lived awhile on their reputation and dissipated it.

There was no reason why the old Romans should not build Colosseums, for they cost them nothing. They made slaves by war and compelled them to do the work, after stealing the material. As it cost a Southern American nothing to live when he had 200 negros sweating gratuitously he could build beautifully. As it cost the old Roman nothing to build a house, as he got his labor for nothing and material on the same terms, he would have been very foolish not to have had the best possible. It makes a great difference in building as in everything else, what it costs. The first dwellings in Rome were holes in the rocks. Had they been compelled to have had houses before they made slaves, they would have run up lath and plaster affairs the same as they do, or rather did, in Chicago. But they could afford to build for all time, and they did.

ITS EXTENT.

It is worth a journey across the ocean to see it in its ruin Only three-eighths of the original structure remaining, and that stripped entirely of its original marble covering, with its arches broken, cornice gone, and seats removed, what must it have been when in a state of completeness? Its height was 157 feet, the stories of arches being respectively 30, 88, 88 and 44 feet.

What must it have been when that enormous, hight, sloping in regular seats to the very top, was crowded with 100,000 people witnessing games on an arena 273 feet long, by 177 wide!

The structure was built of blocks of travertine, clamped together with iron, and sheathed with marble taken from the famous quarries of the world. There was a portion reserved for the Emperors and other dignitaries, seats higher up for the better class of citizens, and finally, at the top, the common people were permitted to enjoy the sight of combats between men and beasts, beasts alone and trained gladiators.

Magnificent as it was it is a sad old ruin now. As the warlike spirit died out of Rome, the nobles fancied less barbarous amusements, and possibly some softer sentiment filled the breasts of the common people. Christianity came in to soften the barbarity of the people, and the games became infrequent and less sanguinary, and finally were entirely abandoned.

THE END OF THE COMBATS.

In the year 400 a brutal gladiatorial combat was in progress when a monk, Telemachus, leaped into the arena and entreated the combatants to cease their brutal sport. The Practor, Albyius, bade the gladiators kill the monk, and they obeyed immediately. It was but little amusement for them to kill an unarmed monk, but in obedience to the command of the Practor they hewed him down cheerfully. However, the endeavor of the monk bore fruit. The Emperor Honorius abolished gladiatorial combats in the Colosseum and this was the last of the bloody spectacles.

They did rather extensive things in this blood soaked place.

ITS DEDICATION.

It commenced with blood and ended with blood. Titus on his return from Jerusalem dedicated the enormous slaughter pen in gorgeous style. Five thousand wild beasts fought with each other for the delectation of the human beasts who gathered from all parts of the empire to witness this festival of blood. It doubtless "marked a new era in the annals of amusements" as the showmen of to day have it, and probably seats were at an enormous premium. Undoubtedly, the first day the legend "standing room only!" was displayed. Elephants from Asia fought with lions from Africa, tigers contested with bears, ostriches, boars, stags, giraffs, cranes, and even pigmy men were brought into the arena to kill each other for the edification of the Roman Empire.

But Titus, in his goodness, did not confine himself to the slaughter of mere beasts, for while the killing of beasts might satisfy the delicate sensibilities of Roman maids, there were the more experienced matrons to be considered. And so the most renowned gladiators of the time were secured, who actually killed each other. The edifying spectacle of Christians massed in the center of the arena, and abandoned to the teeth, and claws of ferocious lions and tigers was had, and for 100 days the carnival of blood lasted till, Rome tired of gore shed in the ordinary way, and Titus not being able to invent new forms of death, the great festival died out for want of fuel to feed it. It was an event that was long remembered.

MAIDENLY CONVERSATIONS.

Such conversations as this might have been had, and doubtless were. Flavia, we will say, a tender virgin of one of the first families, slipped over to the house of Octavia, another tender virgin, and the following conversation took place:

"Oh, Octavia, darling, were you at the Co'osseum yesterday? I did not see you."

"No, dear, I was compelled to stay at home with my sick aunt, the tiresome old thing."

"Octavia, you missed the greatest sight Rome has ever seen. Just think of it darling. To begin with, two lions were shut up into the arena. They were both magnificent fellows—one an Asian and the other African. It was a glorious sight to see them eye each other with low growls, their tails waving slowly and ominously, like—like—ostrich feathers, dear, and both crawling toward each other on their bellies. You could have heard a pin drop so much were the people interested in them. Would they ever begin? Finally the African uttered the most awfully delicious howl you ever heard, which the Asian answered in the nicest way imaginable, and they sprang at each other. The shock was too awfully nice for anything. The African fixed his delightful teeth in the Asian's shoulder—I wish I could get my teeth so white as his—and the Asian got the African right by the throat. Their howling was too awfully sweet for anything, darling, and then the blood began to flow, and the sand on the arena was soaked with it as it ran out in great streams from both. The African was compelled to let go his hold for a moment, but he fastened his charming teeth into the very throat of the African, and his left claw tore off the flesh from his antagonist charmingly. I wouldn't have missed this for a new girdle. By the way, you must show me that girdle Septimus gave you, the nasty thing. He promised me one, but he has not given it me and I don't believe he means to. And then you ought to have seen the combats between the elephant and the lion. The elephant walked out snorting with fury as he saw the lion, and the lion sprang upon him; and the elephant shook him off, knocking him down with his trunk, and ripped him completely open with his great tusks. Oh it was too awfully nice for anything. Another lion was turned upon him, and another, and he killed them all in the sweetest way, till finally three tigers were turned loose, and they finally got away with him, lovely. They tore him all to pieces and the blood from him soaked the sand so that you could see it for ever so far around him. One tiger got his teeth fastened into his throat, and he held there till the elephant stamped him to death. But he had made a hole in his throat and you should have seen the flow of blood from it! And then the combat between 12 Gladiators, six on a side! Every one of them was killed. One was wounded and looked up to be spared, but we put our thumbs down, and his antagonist run him through with his sword in an instant. We wern't going to be swindled out of any of our sport, I assure you, and then—"

"Oh, Flavia, don't tell me any more. All this pleasure going on, and me at home with a tedious old aunt! What were aunts made for, anyway?"

"Oh, it was so nice! But to-morrow—"

"To-morrow I will be there, aunt or no aunt."

"Of course you must. We are not not only to have the regular combats, but we are going to have a dozen or more Christians thrown to the lions. One of them is a young girl—think of that, my Octavia! A young girl!"

And then the innocent things went into Octavia's chamber and looked over their dresses, and their ribbons, and gewgaws, till it was too dark to see anything, and they kissed each other and promised to meet to-morrow at the Colosseum.

MORE GREAT EVENTS.

The great Emperor Hadrian celebrated his birthday by the slaughter of 200 lions and lionesses, bringing in the latter probably out of compliment to the ladies of Rome, who were as warlike as their lords. In addition to these he had 800 ferocious animals of other varieties sacrifice themselves in the arena. But to make up for the fewness of the beasts, he treated the spectators to a sea-fight. The vast arena was flooded with water, war-galleys were brought in and manned with real sailors to manage them, and actual fighting was done by the gladiators who engaged in mortal combat from the decks of the galleys, as their unlucky predecessors had upon the sands.

A NOBLE AMBITION.

The Emperors themselves delighted to engage personally in conflicts with gladiators and were wont to engage themselves hand to hand. The Emperor Commodus frequently took part in these bloody games, though it may be set down as certain that his triumphs were always prepared for him. As it would be a crime for a gladiator to shed the blue blood of an Emperor, the victim selected was one exhausted by the day's work and with inferior weapons. And so the great Emperor would cut down the weakened wretch and receive the plaudits of the multitude, as though he had met and overcome an actual enemy.

One Emperor, skilled in the use of the javelin, used to make wagers of vast sums of money that he could kill so many lions with so many casts of the javelin, and the royal brute generally won his wager. He was unfailing with the weapon, and his chief amusement was to destroy animals in this way.

But the best sport was the martyrdom of Christians. The poor victims, male and female, were huddled in the centre of the arena, the seats crowded to the very top, and the mass swayed by the rage for blood, which was the rulling passion of the Roman people. At a signal the gates of the dens underneath the walls were opened, and the fierce animals, made still more fierce by hunger, sprang into the arena, each after its manner. There was no escape for the martyrs. Unarmed and helpless, they had nothing but prayer to shield them from the cruel animals; cruel, but still more merciful than the people who witnessed the torture. There was the attack, the tearing of limb from limb, the hunger partly appeased by their poor bodies, and then the final struggle among the animals themselves. After the martyrs were killed and eaten came the combats between the destroyers, continuing to the satisfaction and delight of the spectators.

Underneath the vast tiers of seats were the dens in which were kept the animals brought from every quarter of the globe to amuse the populace, animals of every description, provided they had one quality, that of killing. Strength and ferocity were the qualities considered, and the only ones. There were rooms for the gladiators, furnished as are the dressing-rooms of our modern theaters, and there was one room, always awful, the remains of which produce a shudder. It was a dark and dismal den, into which the bodies of slain gladiators were dragged with hooks. After death had released them the dead men were dragged away, fresh sand, sometimes perfumed, licked up their blood and new candidates for the *spoliarum* took their places.

The Roman directors of amusements had some idea of effect. Under the arena were hollow spaces with trap-doors, the beasts were driven upon the traps, and by means of springs were shot up into the arena, coming out of the very ground, as it were, the same as demons and fairies are shot up on the stages of the modern theater. It must have been a pretty sight to see a dozen or more lions and tigers shot up through the sand and stand eyeing each other a moment before engaging in mortal combat.

But the traps have followed the animals—only the open spaces show where they were, though enough of them remain to indicate the use they were put to. About all that is left of old Rome is enough to show what it was. That is its peculiarity.

A curious idea of amusement had the old Romans, and yet it was the delight in cruel exhibitions that made the State what it was. It took just this mercilessness, this utter and entire insensibility to the sufferings of others, or rather the delight in killing, to make a people capable of constant invasions of other nations, capable of the mercilessness that could bring captives to the imperial City, compel them to labor to finish a great work, and then slay them to save the expense of keeping them longer. It took this kind of training to eliminate the humanity of the people, and to make them like the tigers whose acts they imitated. Fit training it was for a race of robbers upon a gigantic scale, a nation of murderers and plunderers.

BY DAY AND NIGHT.

The Colosseum by day is something wonderfully grand, but it must be seen by night to be thoroughly enjoyed. The effect of the moon beams shining through the open spaces, softening the jagged lines made by the iron teeth of time, blending the irregularities of decay into harmonious forms, the dim light half-hiding that which should be hidden, and bringing out boldly that which should be seen—the Colosseum by moonlight is a sight that once seen is never forgotten.

ITS DECAY.

It was impossible to retain the Colosseum after the decay of the Roman Empire began. After the gladiatorial combate were interdicted there was really no further use for it and it was plundered systematically.

One Pope converted it into a factory, but that scheme proved an expense to the Government rather than a source of income. Then other uses were attempted, but all failed and then the plunder began. The Church took enormous quantities of the marble and more common stone to be used in churches. The nobles carted away much of it too for material for their palaces, and everybody considered the grand old structure as a common quarry. In 1534, one Cardinal Farnese obtained from his uncle, Pope Paul III., permission to possess as much stone as he could remove in 12 hours. As he set 4,000 men at work hauling away the material, it may be inferred that he got enough to build the palace he was coveting.

Pope Pius IX. stopped this wholesale plunder, and restored the Colosseum as it stands to-day, and fortunately there is enough of it left to enable spectators to get a fair idea of what it was originally.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

ATLANTIS.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TOWER IN THE SEA.

The largest, strongest, tallest structure in Caledon, or on the continent of Atlantis, was the cathedral in which Father Vesta had spiritual sway.

It was surmounted by a large dome, from which arose a lofty tower of stone.

On the morning that succeeded the awful night recorded in the last chapter, Caledon with its marts of trade and shrines of prayer, its people and all it was or had been, was buried in the dim and unremembering sea The gray and ghastly waste of waters rolled over the mighty City, and over all the land that so lately had been filled with life and love and beauty.

But one speck was still visible of the once proud metropolis of a continent.

It was the topmost part of the great tower of the temple,

Three human beings sat within it, calmly watching the waters rise inch by inch about their lone place of refuge.

They were Father Vesta, Sacris and Vigis.

They had made their peace with the great Maker and Destroyer of worlds.

They looked from their lonely mausoleum out upon the watery death that came to meet them. And they were as tranquil and serene as a star set in an ocean of space.

But one other speck appeared above the grave of a drowned world.

It was afar off. It was a mere cork, a dot, a point.

Ah, how fast the waters were creeping up the tower!

Inch by inch, till inches grew to feet.

Layer after layer of stone sank beneath the encroaching waves, never to appear to the light of heaven again.

Slowly, slowly, slowly did the hours drag away!

The red and sullen sun, a copper disk in the murky heavens, rode through eternal, clinging hours to the zenith and glowered there, seemingly forever, staring down fatefully at the survivors of a drowned world.

Vigis had been straining her eyes with all her might during all these weary hours, in the direction of that black dot on the world of waters.

A faint indefinable hope had arisen in her breast. She refrained from giving it utterance, for by mutual consent, voluntarily and silently entered into the three had maintained the silence of the grave. They were busy with the thoughts of the Hereafter.

Nearer and nearer drew the black dot.

Faster and faster, as the breeze freshened, did it increase in size and outline.

Vigis watched it and her heart beat fast and high.

At last the long silence was broken by the young girl's tremulous voice, low but awfully distinct and weird in the silence.

"It is a ship!"

Father Vesta and Sacris looked in the direction indicated by Vigis.

There, sure enough, was a large vessel bearing directly toward them under full sail.

The sun had performed two-thirds of his journey to his bed in the western billows, when the ship glided very near, so near that the watchers could descry a youth in the rigging shortening sail.

The wind had fallen. A gentle breeze was blowing then. The vessel drifted gently against the tower, but a very few feet of which yet remained above the flood.

"Jump aboard!" cried the youth in the rigging.

Father Vesta and his beautiful charges stepped easily from their stony refuge to the vessel's deck. The ship surged heavily against the tower which crumbled and fell into the heaving ocean,—the last vestige of a drowned world.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE SHORELESS SEA.

Father Vesta, Sacris and Vigis stood on the deck of the "Erebus," and regarded one another as souls might that had lately crossed the dark boundary between the Here and the Beyond.

They had been translated from the frontiers of Eternity to the shores of Time, which frontiers they had left so recently, which shores they had trodden so lately, that they were dazed and bewildered. They found it difficult to realize their position. A dreamy uncertainity pervaded their every thought.

Was this vessel really a ship destined to deliver them to some new country on the planet Earth or was it the barge of Charon, to ferry them over the river Styx?

So they regarded each other with mute wonder. Impelled by the same motive, inspired by the same sentiment, environed by the same circumstances and directed by the same instinct, they looked simultaneously toward the person who seemed the sole navigator of the vessel.

They did this as persons pinch themselves when in doubt as to whether they be awake or dreaming.

The irrepressible Vigis broke the silence.

"I know him!" she exclaimed.

Being of an impulsive nature, and being one of a trinity just released from apparently certain death, the girl ran to her deliverer and raised her arms to cast them about his neck.

Niggles (for he it was) involuntarily stepped backward, stumbled and fell. From his prostrate position he put up the pathetic appeal:

"Never strike a man when he's down." "Which bis always," explained Niggles, as he struggled to his feet, "bin my motter. 'Never strike a man when he's down.' The game of the world," pursued Niggles with deep and augmentative pathos, "has always bin to the contrairy. Men has bin like wolves, as chaw up their own best friends when they're hurt. Preachers, merchants, Captains, mates,—all kinds of folks has bin doin' of it for all time past. And look," concluded Niggles gravely, with a sweeping indication of Atlantis in general and Caledon in particular, "look and see what they've got by it."

Father Vesta plied the lad with questions. The details of the awful fight were given in graphic colors by the boy,—though he rigidly avoided any allusion to the encounter between Pariah and the black chief. Sacris listened eagerly for some tale of the fate of the one dear to her; but he heard it not.

From his account it appears that when the blacks were marshaled upon the deck by the Chief he, Niggles, being of a prudent nature, incontinently slid into a secluded cask from which he could observe the fray. There he had remained till every man was dead. By that time the other ships in the harbor were all on fire, having been ignited by that portion of the chieftain's band detailed for the purpose. But one of these blacks was ever again seen by Niggles. Even swimmers such as they could not live in the tempest of that night. One of the negros did return to the "Erebus" and endeavored to climb the anchor chains. Niggles rolled a cask overboard in such a well-directed manner that the black went down with it, and and was never seen again. Niggles had labored all night casting the corpses into the sea and washing the deck. In the morning no land was in sight. The whole country had disappeared beneath the waters. He worked laboriously and long at the sails and finally managed to set them. He knew not whither he was going nor what to do; but expected to sail round and round till the vessel should rot, or he die of old age. Die of starvation he could not, as the ship was amply supplied with provisions for the horde of slaves she lately carried. Enough food, indeed, to last two or three ordinary persons a life-time. Niggles expressed himself as finally convinced that the whole world was drowned and that there was no more land under the shining sun.

All this told Niggles, with his hand on the tiller, guiding the lonely vessel over the billows. His expressive countenance assumed the aspect of a veteran sea captain, who knew his responsibility, and was bound to do his duty.

"There must be land left somewhere in the world," said Father Vesta to the maiden as they stood looking away across the waters. "O that we had with us some expert navigator, whose knowledge of the lands and seas might stand us in good stead, and might even bring us safely to harbor in some green and gentle country far away."

"There's no man could do it," observed Niggles, "'cause there's no more land left nowhere, 'cept at the bottom of the sea. But if any man could do it Capt. Pariah's the man. Him as you put in that there jail for sumthin' he never done."

"Never did," cried Sacris eagerly; "do you know that?"

In response to which inquiry Niggles with great volubility told the entire history of the theft of the holy vessels, not omitting his own complicity therein, with a full acknowledgement that it was a wholesome fear of Pariah's wrath alone that had prevented his telling the whole story immediately, subsequent to the Captain's arrest.

During this narrative Father Vesta paced the deck in great perturbation. At its conclusion he exclaimed passionately:

"How prone is human judgment to err! Heaven forgive me for the wrong I have done that man!"

CHAPTER XX.

A YOUNG FORTUNATUS.

Sacris leaving Father Vesta and Vigis together, entered the cabin, in the seclusion of which she gave way to her emotions in a tempest of tears.

"My body has been saved from drowning with the rest of our stricken world," cried she; "but my heart and soul are beneath the waves, in the bastile of Caledon."

"Then let me return thither," said a low, manly voice at her side.

It was Pariah, pale, weak, with a bandage about one of his shoulders. With a glad cry the beautiful girl sprang upon his breast and swooned.

Lifting her tenderly with the arm that had not been injured, he carried her to the deck as easily as if she had been a babe. The fresh sea breeze revived her at once.

The astonisment of Father Vesta and Vigis rendered them momentarily speechless.

"What does this mean?" asked the priest finally, looking about in a vague, lost manner.

"It means," put in the ever ready Niggles, "that that there is Capt. Pariah, the man you blamed for stealin' the vessels of the temple. It means as he got out o' the prison by the earthquake's bustin' the walls. It means that he somehow got on board the ship, as she went plungin' through the street o' the City in the flood. It means that after all the rest had been killed in that awful fight on deck, the big chief, the Captain and me was left. It means that the Captain and the big chief had such a fight as I never want to see again; tha the Captain stumbled and fell, and I see the big savage a stickin' a man when he's down—somethin' I never could stand, It means that just as the willin was about to strike the second blow, I was above him, and let him have a knife in his back, that keeled him over. It furthermore, likewise, also means that I bandaged the Captain up, and that he's goin' to get well, and that he loves Sacris and she loves him, or I'm a landlubber with hayseed in my hair. And that's the reason you saw him above the temple so often; and I was there for him a good deal when you didn't see me, of a carrying notes backerdt and forrerds and I——"

But by this time the genial Father Vesta was shaking hands with both his "children," as he called them and finished by putting the little lily hand of Sacris into the big hand of Pariah, where it was utterly lost to view, and a hand of the priest was on the head of each in holy benediction. Seeing which Niggles stopped his torrent of talk, and taking advantage of the general concentration of the three in each other, slipped lightly to the side of the gentle Vigis, slipped his arm about her waist and actually kissed her full on the lips before the astounded maiden could collect her faculties. The sensation that thrilled the frame of the lad as his lips touched the warm, pouting lips of the little maiden, was so delicious that he essayed to repeat the performance. But the bewildered faculties had by this time resumed their sway, and the amorous youth received a vigorous poke in the ribs from a very small, but very energetic fist.

"What a charmer she is!" muttered Niggles, gazing upon her indignant little person with a world of admiration in his eyes. And there he stood, gazing at her like an Admiring Robin, muttering in an intensely self-communing voice,

"What a charmer she is!"

Father Vesta, Pariah and Sacris entered the cabin and closed the door. There was a long interview, which Niggles was in torments of soul to overhear. But the vigilant eye of Vigis was upon him. The lad and lass could easily divine the purport of the conclave in the cabin when the trio emerged upon the deck, just as the golden sun shone over the waters with a glad goodnight. Pariah and Sacris walked forth arm in arm, and the setting sun's brightness and warmth could hardly equal the brightness and warmth of the radiant lovelight in their faces. Niggles and Vigis saw it all at a glance. Vigis ran to her mistress and throwing her fond arms about the white neck, kissed her passionately. Niggles insanely cast his cap overboard as a tribute to Neptune, and let his pent-up feelings find vent in a vociferous "hurrah!"

Pariah and Sacris smiled fondly at these demonstrations of joy on the part of their humble friends.

"I see I have no need," said Father Vesta, smiling too, in spite of his effort to appear grave, "to inform you young people that Capt. Pariah and Sacris Vesta, my niece and ward, are about to become, with my full and free consent, man and wife. I call upon you both to witness the ceremony.

Then in the holy twilight, on the lonely ocean which, to the five souls then and there assembled, had no known shore, the two lovers were joined in holy wedlock by the priest.

"We five," said Father Vesta, breaking the solemn hush which followed the benediction, "should have no secrets from each other. We have no proof that other human beings beside ourselves, dwell on the face of the planet. Capt. Pariah has told me that there exist high tablelands and mountainous regions, thousands of miles to the eastward and other and similar lands to the westward. It is his opinion, in which I readily concur, that we had better sail to the westward, as at this season of the year the winds that shall waft us are more favorable to sailing in that direction. Let us hope for the best, and pray to God to help and save us."

The "Erebus" was headed to the westward and bounded joyously away over the billows, as if rejoicing with exceeding great joy that, for the first time, she carried only happy hearts.

And they were happy in each other's confidence and love, these five waifs of a drowned world. Late, late they talked, and planned, and hoped, and dreamed that lovely night, with the moon looking tranquilly down as if blessing them. They all talked freely in the presence of each other without reserve or doubt.

"Should we ever succeed, dear Sacris," said Pariah, "in gaining some other land, we will be very poor, and must begin at the foot of the ladder of Fortune. We have nothing now, except the old ship that is carrying us, we know not whither"

"Any place, or any fortune, so that it is with you," said Sacris earnestly.

Hereupon occurred a mysterious movement on the part of Niggles. That youth, after casting the thousand and first admiring glance upon Vigis, vanished so suddenly below deck that for a moment he seemed to have melted away into thin air. Ere his four friends had recovered from their surprise, he reappeared with a lighted lantern and something wrapped in manifold parchments. The latter he handed to Pariah, and stood by holding the lantern, and casting triumphant glances at Vigis, while Pariah wonderingly unfolded the package.

Pariah, self-possessed and strong-nerved as he ever was in the most trying scenes, could not repress an exclamation of astonishment when he had unfolded the last parchment. He held in his hand the largest and purest diamond he had ever seen.

"This is worth a fortune!" he cried staring at Niggles with all his might.

"That it is," returned that gentleman coolly, "And I give it to you. You are not as poor as you were a moment ago."

Niggles then proceeded to relate the history of the diamond, which he did with many embellisments.

This sudden finding of a fortune filled the cup of joy to overflowing.

Away bounded the "Erebus" over the billows, gay and glorious in her loneliness as the moon that watched her from the unclouded sky.

* * * * * * * * *

There is but little more to relate. The "Erebus," after a swift and pleasant voyage, arrived at the island of Cuba, formerly a portion of the continent of Atlantis, now the largest of a group of islands, portions of a drowned world.

Pariah disposed of his diamond for an immense sum. It afterwards found its way to India and is now in the possession of an immensely wealthy Rajah.

With the proceeds Pariah purchased a plantation and in a few years was able to retire with a princely fortune.

Niggles and Vigis dwelt faithfully with Pariah and his beautiful wife. Vigis at last became reconciled to Niggles and was one of the happiest little women in the world when she became Mrs. Niggles. As to Niggles himself, his joy was world-wide and heaven-high.

THE END.

"St. Julien" and "Jay-Eye-See."

New York Times.

"Jay-Eye-See" stands but 15 hands, and Mr. Robert Bonner declined to buy him one year ago on that account. He liked the form and breeding of the horse, but did not believe that he had size enough to make a world-beater. But now that "Jay-Eye-See" has trotted a mile at Providence in 2:10½, and repeated in 2:11½ at Boston, the opinion that we cannot get length of stride for a fast mile without hight of 15.3 or 16 hands falls to the ground. "Jay-Eye-See" is the fastest trotter for his age, regardless of size, that the world has ever seen. The interest taken in his match with St. Julien at the Gentlemen's Driving Park on Saturday afternoon next is very great and it is growing. "St. Julien" is in grand form. Mr. Hickok drove him yesterday an easy mile in 2:14¾. He is very reliable and has had so much experience in fast races that the advantage is on his side. At least this is the conclusion of the many who have critical knowledge of the trotting turf. But he will have to trot down in 2:12 to beat "Jay-Eye-See."

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Even the master-stroke of replacing the treacherous Italian forewoman by a French dressmaker, engaged direct from Paris, did not at first avail to elevate the great Grifoni establishment above the reach of minor calamities Mlle. Virginie had not occupied her new situation at Pisa quite a week before she fell ill. All sorts of reports were circulated as to the cause of this illness; and the Demoiselle Grifoni even went so far as to suggest that the health of the new forewoman had fallen a sacrifice to some nefarious practices of the chemical sort on the part of her rival in the trade. But, however, the misfortune had been produced, it was a fact that Mlle. Virginie was certainly very ill, and another fact that the doctor insisted on her being sent to the baths of Lucca as soon as she could be moved from her bed.

Fortunately for the Demoiselle Grifoni, the Frenchwoman had succeeded in producing three specimens of her art before her health broke down. They comprised the evening-dress of yellow brocaded silk, to which she had devoted herself on the morning when she first assumed her duties at Pisa; a black cloak and hood of an entirely new shape; and an irresistibly fascinating dressing-gown, said to have been first brought into fashion by the princesses of the blood-royal of France. These articles of costume, on being exhibited in the show-room, electrified the ladies of Pisa; and orders from all sides flowed in immediately on the Grifoni establishment. They were, of course, easily executed by the inferior workwomen, from the specimen designs of the French dressmaker. So that the illness of Mlle. Virginie, though it might cause her mistress some temporary inconvenience, was, after all, productive of no absolute loss.

Two months at the baths of Lucca restored the new forewoman to health. She returned to Pisa, and resumed her place in the private work-room. Once reestablished there, she discovered that an important change had taken place during her absence. Her friend and assistant, Brigida, had resigned her situation. All inquiries made of the Demoiselle Grifoni only elicited one answer: the missing workwoman had abruptly left her place at five minutes' warning, and departed without confiding to any one what she thought of doing, or whither she intended to turn her steps.

Months elapsed; the new year came; but no explanatory letter arrived from Brigida. The Spring season passed off, with all its accompaniments of dress-making and dress-buying, but still there was no news of her. The first anniversary of Mlle. Virginie's engagement with the Demoiselle Grifoni came round; and then at last a note arrived, stating that Brigida had returned to Pisa, and that if the French forewoman would send an answer, mentioning where her private lodgings were, she would visit her old friend that evening after business hours. The information was gladly enough given; and, punctually to the appointed time, Brigida arrived in Mlle. Virginie's little sitting-room.

Advancing with her usual indolent stateliness of gait, the Italian asked after her friend's health as coolly, and sat down in the nearest chair as carelessly, as if they had not been separated for more than a few days. Mlle. Virginie laughed in her liveliest manner, and raised her mobile French eyebrows in sprightly astonishment.

"Well, Brigida," she exclaimed, "they certainly did you no injustice when they nicknamed you 'Care-for Nothing' in old Grifoni's work-room. Where have you been? Why have you never written to me?"

"I had nothing particular to write about; and besides, I always intended to come back to Pisa and see you," answered Brigida, leaning back luxuriously in her chair.

"But where have you been for nearly a whole year past? In Italy?"

"No; at Paris. You know I can sing—not very well; but I have a voice, and most Frenchwomen (excuse the impertinence) have none. I met with a friend, and got introduced to a manager; and I have been singing at the theater—not the great parts, only the second. Your amiable countrywomen could not screech me down on the stage. In short, I quarreled with our principal lady, quarreled with the manager, quarreled with my friend, and here I am back at Pisa, with a little money saved in my pocket, and no great notion what I am to do next."

"Back at Pisa! Why did you leave it?"

Brigida's eyes began to lose their indolent expression She sat up suddenly in her chair, and set one of her hands heavily on a little table by her side.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because, when I find the game going against me, I prefer giving it

and laughed at the notion of his trying to make them afraid too. That was the last thing I heard. The fury I was in, and the necessity of keeping it down, almost suffocated me. I turned round to leave the place forever, when, who should I see, standing close behind me, but Father Rocco. He must have discovered in my face that I knew all, but he took no notice of it. He only asked, in his usual quiet, polite way, if I was looking for anything I had lost, and if he could help me. I managed to thank him, and to get to the door. He opened it for me respectfully, and bowed; he treated me like a lady to the last. It was evening when I left the studio in that way. The next morning I threw up my situation, and turned my back on Pisa. Now you know everything."

"Did you hear of the marriage, or did you only assume from what you know that it would take place?"

"I heard of it six months ago. A man came to sing in the chorus at our theater who had been employed some time before at the grand concert given on the occasion of the marriage. But let us drop the subject now. I am in a fever already with talking of it. You are in a bad situation here, my dear; I declare, your room is almost stifling."

"Shall I open the other window?"

"No; let us go out and get a breath of air by the river-side. Come! take your hood and fan; it is getting dark—nobody will see us, and we can come back here, if you like, in half an hour."

"Mlle. Virginie acceded to her friend's wish rather reluctantly. They walked toward the river. The sun was down, and the sudden night of Italy was gathering fast. Although Brigida did not say another word on the subject of Fabio or his wife, she led the way to the bank of the Arno, on which the young nobleman's palace stood.

Just as they got near the great door of entrance, a sedan-chair, approaching in the opposite direction, was set down before it, and a footman, after a moment's conference with a lady inside the chair, advanced to the porter's lodge in the courtyard. Leaving her friend to go on, Brigida slipped in after the servant by the open wicket, and concealed herself in the shadow cast by the great, closed gates.

"The Marchesa Adelani, to inquire how the Countess d'Ascoli and the infant are this evening," said the footman.

"My mistress has not changed at all for the better since the morning," answered the porter. "The child is doing quite well."

The footman went back to the sedan-chair; and then returned to the porter's lodge.

"The Marchesa desires me to ask if fresh medical advice has been sent for," he said.

Another doctor has arrived from Florence to-day," replied the porter

Mlle. Virginie, missing her friend suddenly, turned back toward the palace to look after her, and was rather surprised to see Brigida slip out of the wicket-gate. There were two oil lamps burning on pillars outside the door-way, and their light, glancing on the Italian's face, as she passed under them, showed that she was smiling.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 15.

The early commerce of the West, like everything else belonging to the pioneer age, has passed away into forgetfulness. There were dry goods stores set up with the very beginning of the first little Villages. They were simply called stores. In them was to be had everything that the early settlers required, including, first, all kinds of dry goods, then hardware and cutlery, castings, bar iron and steel, all kinds of groceries then in the market, log-chains, trace-chains, chopping axes, grubbing-hoes, augers, carpenters' and cabinet-makers' tools, coopers' tools, queensware, pottery, school books and writing paper, looking-glasses, straw bonnets, gimps and laces, salt and whisky. There were no grocery stores, as such. There was no division of trade of any kind. A store was a store, and the people went there for everything, even for a vial of peppermint drops, Bateman's drops, Godfrey's cordial, medicamentum or opodildoc. No such thing as a drug store was known.

There were a few articles of trade which the stores received in exchange for goods, such as flax and tow linen, linsey, home-made flannels, hatcheled flax and rags. These articles could be hauled to the East and exchanged for goods. Beyond what has been mentioned, there was little or nothing receivable at the stores. Poultry had no market, butter was in little demand; and when it could be sold at all, the price was a fippeny bit (6¼ cents) a pound. Eggs could be traded into the stores some times at two or three cents a dozen; but even at that the demand was very limited, as there was no shipment for them. Nothing that the farmers produced could be sold for cash, at any price, grain of all kinds was absolutely without a market, outside of the neighborhood. New comers, or those who had no grain, could obtain it for a day's work. The price of a day's labor was two bushels of corn, or one bushel of wheat; and a day's work was from sun rise to sun set, whether the intervening hours were 10 or 14. And a side of bacon or a ham also paid for a day's work.

It some times happened that a milk cow could be sold for cash, at five to six or eight dollars, to persons newly arrived in the country, who had some ready cash; or a horse for from $20 to $40. Pork and beef could not be sold at all, beyond the neighborhood demand. Sheep was in greater demand, because wool was an indispensable article. Hides were also cash, unless the owners of them preferred to have them tanned on the shares. There were tanyards opened in every section of the country at a very early day, by men who had money. Goods for the Western stores were hauled out from the Eastern cities by four and six horse teams, in immense wagons, the round trip requiring from five to six to eight weeks. The produce gathered up by the stores was in like manner hauled to the East by the same teams. Goods were also brought on the lakes and the Ohio river. These large teams continued on the road up to as late as 1830, more or less. The foregoing was the condition of the Western trade, chiefly, up to 1820 or 1825, when important improvements began to take place, but especially after the opening of canal navigation in about 1828.

The practice of driving fat hogs and cattle on foot over the mountains was the first outlet to the products of the West. This set in previous to 1820, in some force. There were even droves of beef cattle taken over the mountains before the close of the war of 1812. But the prices were very low. The price of fat hogs was from $1 to $1.50, net; and of cattle, from $2 to $2.50, gross. Hogs for the drove were sold as at $1.50 net, as late as 1825. The hog droving era may be placed properly between 1816 and about 1832. They were bought up by the drovers in all parts of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and even farther west, and driven to the eastern markets in immense numbers. From one or two to five thousand fat hogs, all moving over the road at the same time, and belonging to the same man, was no unusual sight. They were generally divided into sections, a few miles apart, An average day's travel of these droves was from eight to ten miles. For the management of an ordinary drove, five to seven or eight hands were required.

For many of the earlier years, hogs were very seldom paid for when they were weighed to the drover. The seller had to wait for his money until the drove was sold and the drover got home, when he rode round and paid up. In like manner, as soon as the hogs were delivered in the yards at the East, the hands were dismissed, with money enough to bear their expenses back home, and an allowance of three days to the hundred miles to retrace the distance on foot. Their wages were paid when the drover got back. At that time a drover would sell his cattle, or hogs, in Baltimore or Philadelphia, and recross the mountains alone, on horseback, with all his cash as safely, and more so, than he can now walk about the streets. Men often brought home in this way a heavy weight of silver coin in their saddle-bags, simply delivering them to the landlord for safe keeping till next morning.

Another system of trading was begun very early, which contributed materially to the development of the country. It was that of shipping in flat-boats down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, the surplus products of the new country. The chief articles thus shipped were pork, or bacon, flour and whisky. The farmers finding that they could convert their corn into whisky which found a ready market down the river, were encouraged to turn their attention to its production far beyond the requirements of home consumption, and by this means considerable sums of money was brought into the new settlements. It was previous to the introduction of steamboat navigation, and flat boats were the only means of transportation on the rivers. Flat boats were navigated by simply floating them with the current; and when once delivered at their destination, they were of no further use, as they could not be returned.

Annually flat-boat fleets were built and freighted at various points on both shores of the Ohio, as well as on many of its tributaries. The principal streams on the north that carried out flat boats were, the Muskingum, Hocking, Scioto, Big Miami, Wabash and Illinois; and in the north, the Cuyahoga, Maumee and a few smaller streams. These latter communicated with the lakes. Boats thus fitted out on the tributaries could not be moved until the Fall rains swelled the waters sufficiently for them to float, when they were at once got under way, and conducted into the Ohio or Mississippi. In addition to the articles already named, the cargos were often completed by various other products. These enterprises were conducted for the most part by speculators, who bought up the produce; but, as in the case of the drovers, the farmers often had to wait for the return of the speculators for their pay. If disaster overtook the fleet, as was sometimes the case, the farmers often lost their produce, because the speculator often had his entire capital invested in flat boats, as the building of them was expensive; and a loaded boat once sunk to the bottom of the Ohio or Mississippi, was forever a total loss, as well as its entire cargo. Very little was ever recovered from a sunken flat-boat; and at that early day there were no facilities for raising them. And besides, especially in the Mississippi, it only required a few days for the boat to be buried by the drifting sand and mud.

Two or three hands were all that were required on board to navigate a flat-boat, of whom the steersman was the chief. Oars were used chiefly for changing the course of the boat, and in landing. Some times these boats went in fleets of two or three, to more. The dangers to them were storms on the river, and snags. Snags were trees hid under the water, with their roots imbedded either in the bank, or the bottom of the river. They were called by the river men, "sawyers," or "planters." Boats also sometimes became fatally foundered in disguised sand bars.

In one instance a speculator in Southwestern Ohio, who had made several successful trips, set out with five heavily freighted flats. Four of them were sunk in a storm on the lower Mississippi. He returned at the end of three months, bankrupt. In another instance men started with two boats from the mouth of the Muskingum. The boats were lost, and only three of the men were saved. This was about 1815.

Humor.

He Loved Her So.

Wall Street News.

—"So you love my daughter, eh?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And you have money to support her in good style?"

"I have $30,000 in bank and an income of $5,000 per year."

"Money in bank! Ah! I see you are not a financier; you should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying 10 per cent."

The young man hurried off to get his cash and buy bonds of his father-in-law. After he has departed Lucy enters the library and asks:

"Father, did William ask your consent?"

"He did, dear."

"And you said yes?"

"No, darling; he has no wealth to give you station."

"But he has $30,000?"

"Oh, no! I just raked that in for bonds that won't be worth 10 cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man and have to live in sixth-story rooms."

Encouraging for Him.

Wall Street News.

A tramp who had asked a citizen of Jersey City for a cash lift was met with the reply:

"Sir! I began life on 30 cents and am now worth $50,000, and no man ever gave me a penny in my life."

"And I, sir," added a second citizen, "have made a fortune of $40,000 by my own unaided efforts."

"While I," modestly remarked a third, "began life as a shoeblack, and now live on the interest of my money."

"Gentlemen," said the tramp, as he looked from one to the other. "I thank you. You have planted new courage in my fainting heart. I will begin this very hour to amass a competency. Which of you can post me on how to fail in business and get my start by beating my creditors?"

One man gulped down something and entered a grocery. The second grew red in the face and said he had to see a man. The third turned a shade paler, made a ghastly attempt to laugh, and dropped a cent on the walk and got away while the tramp was hunting for it.

Some Wonderful Rustles.

Troy Telegram.

The ingenuity of the young lady of the day isn't fully appreciated.

Monday there was a big excursion from the collar shops to Saratoga. Hundreds of Troy's pretty young ladies went to Saratoga.

The sky threatened rain.

The young ladies wore bustles.

Perhaps there was no connection between the threatening weather and the bustles—and perhaps there was.

Shortly after the excursionists reached Saratoga the rain began to pour. Many of the young ladies with their escorts were seated in the parlor of a hotel when the rain began to fall. The prospect was dismal as viewed from the hotel windows. Within it seemed sad too. The airy and tasty dresses of the excursionists must be spoiled by a venture upon the street. Umbrellas were few and far between, and there seemed to be a dearth of outside coverings.

But witness the ingenuity of the young ladies of the day.

As if by preconcerted action the young ladies arose one after the other and left the parlor.

In a few minutes they returned.

All wore gossamer cloaks.

But the bustles were gone.

A Crushed Porter.

Oil City Blizzard.

We are happy. The porter of the parlor car has been crushed.

"Beg yo' pawdon, sah," he remarked with impressive grandeur to one of the occupants of his car. "Dat was a trade dollah yo' handed me a minute ago."

"Ah, was it?" replied the plebe as he took it from the outstretched hand and examined it. "Take this for your honesty, my friend," and pocketing the dollar the traveler handed the astounded potentate of the road a lead nickel.

The insensible body of the porter was left at the next station, and after physicians had worked at him for two hours he recovered sufficiently to murmur incoherently:

"It wa'nt de money what pah'lised me, boss; but he called me 'my fren!' Boss, dat tuk me down offul!"

The Sort He Was.

Wall Street News.

He had been out West, and as he entered the lunch room he was hailed by an acquaintance with:

"Was the corn hurt much?"

"Corn? Indeed I forgot to ask about it," was the reply.

"Backwheat seriously injured, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but I don't know."

"They say tobacco was badly nipped?"

"Do they? That's too bad."

"All kinds of fruit got a shaking up, eh?"

"I presume so."

"See here," said the interrogator as he squared around, "what sort of a man are you? You go off West, travel around for a month, and come back here without even knowing that there has been a frost."

"And you see here," said the other as he flushed up, "I want you to understand that when I take a trip down to Indiana to arrange a marriage with a widow worth $200,000 I don't swallow any corn-fields or gulp down any tobacco-patches."

A Fair Offer.

Wall Street News.

It happened in Illinois. A burying-ground had been sold by the Town, and time given for the removal of all the coffins. The purchaser finally took possession, and one day, while engaged in powing, he suddenly appeared before the village shoemaker and said:

"Henry, I've just plowed up the bones of your father, up there."

"Eh! Is that so?"

"And what shall be done with em?"

"Well, I dunno."

"I'll you what I'll do, Henry. I'll box up the bones and bring 'em down here for a dollar, or I'll plow 'em under as a fertilizer and allow you 50 cents on what you owe me.'

"Well," replied the shoemaker, after talking time to think it over, "I guess you may credit me with 50 cents, but if you find the bones of the old woman too. I shan't take less than 75 cents cash for the heap."

Not Exactly Incineration.

"I don't see as this butter we get from the crematory is much better than cow's butter," said Mrs. Vancover, one morning at the breakfast table.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Vancover, excitedly.

"I say I don't think the crematory butter is a bit better than any other."

"My dear," replied Mr. Vancover, trying to calm himself; "do you know what a crematory is?"

"No, not unless it's a place where they make oleomargarine."

"Well, my love, I will inform you. A crematory is a place where dead bodies—"

"Oh, gracious!"

"A place where dead bodies are burned to ashes, and the ashes carried home in a jar and stored away among the family archives. You are thinking of a pickle creamery, darling, but don't for heaven's sake ever get on this subject again in the presence of any of our friends. Don't do it for my sake, will you, love?"

And she said she would be eternally cremated if she would.

Mrs. Murphy's Funeral Expenses

Chicago News.

"It would take a week to tell all I have suffered from my husband in the last 14 years," sobbed Mrs. Murphy before Justice Kersten to-day. "I have to swear against him now to save my life, but it breaks my heart to do it. He beats me nearly to death whenever he gets drunk."

"Have you anything to say, John Murphy?" asked the Justice.

"Nothing. I know I'm rough when I'm in liquor. But I don't get drunk very often, and I think she ought to stand it."

"Fifty dollars."

"Tut, tut," said the prisoner; "ain't that too bad, Mary?"

"It would cost nearly as much for me funeral, John," said the wife, apologetically.

A New David Davis Story.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The well known "drop game" recently tried with success on a Brooklyn bank depositor, developed an anecdote that is told of Judge David Davis. The Judge was making a deposit at a Washington bank, and stood counting a large pile of money at a desk. A well-dressed young man stepped up and, with bow and a smile, said: "Judge, you have dropped a bill." Sure enough, there lay a clean, crisp, genuine two-dollar bill at the depositor's feet. "Thank you," blandly answered the Judge, placing his ponderous right boot over the bill on the floor, and calmly resumed his counting. The sharper, taken aback by the coolness of the proceeding, disappeared, and the Judge was $2 ahead by the transaction.

Full of Romance.

Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that the novels of the day lack romantic interest—an indication that she doesn't read the novels of the day. When the heroine is a married woman, and falls in love with half a dozen married men inside of four chapters, and achieves three divorces before the end of the book is reached, and her first husband marries her last husband's daughter, and he loses $500,000 in gambling; and when he is starving to death falls heir to $1,700,000 by the death of an uncle in Holland, and having become a widower, remarries his first wife whose latest matrimonial acquirement has eloped with her daughter by her first marriage, and—. Well, if that isn't "romantic interest" enough, Mrs. Stowe is very hard to please.

Emigrated on Account of Earthquake.

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame tramp at the back door of his residence.

"Ave you plase, sor."

"What made you lame?"

"It wus the earthquake, sor."

"An earthquake!"

"Yis, sor. Ye see, I'm an Italian from the Island of Ischia, an whin the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it sprung me knee, an' I'm unable to wurk, which the same I'd be plased to do if I was able."

When the bulldog made a rapid exit through the gate he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.

A Good Father.

Detroit Free Press.

A Brush farm father called his son into the library the other day, and said:

"Harry, you are now 17 years old."

"Yes, father."

"I have given you money from time to time but you have had no stipulated allowance. Beginning with next week I shall allow you $6 per week."

"That will be splendid! You are one of the best fathers in Detroit."

"Yes, $6 per week, and as you are now old enough to pay your board, I shall charge you $5 per week! You can always depend upon the dollar coming to you each Saturday."

A Position for the Tenor.

A young tenor obtained a hearing before a director of one of the provincial theaters.

He sang, but the manager stopped him at the end of three or four notes.

"Very well," he said, "leave me your address, and I will think of you if it should happen——"

"What do you mean by if it should happen?" interrupted the young tenor.

"Why, if my theater should burn——"

"Well?"

"I should engage you to cry fire!"

Democracy and Ignorance.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

There are in this country a million of men who can not read the tickets which they vote on election day. Teach these men to read and where would Democracy have a foothold?

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extract of Orange is obtained from the finest fruit. To flavor cakes, puddings or creams, it will be found one of the most delicious flavors, and in all respects equal to Dr. Price's Lemon and Vanilla Extracts, which have become so popular. In using Dr. Price's flavors it will readily be seen that they are far superior.

Miscellany.

RECENT LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION—By George Henry Preble, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. Philadelphia—L. R. Hammersly & Co.

The writer begins with the first practical use of steam as a motive power for vessels at the beginning of the present century and shows the progressive advancement of steam navigation to the present time. For 25 years Mr. Prebble has been collecting the notes on steam navigation which he now elaborates in the present volume which gives a bewildering array of facts never before published. In an appendix are 20 tables of statistics of all kinds that are invaluable for reference.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR. By Ik. Marvel. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Price per volume, $1.25.

The quaint writings of Donald G. Mitchell have been read with increasing interest for the past 30 years, and they are as popular now as ever. The Messrs. Scribner have had all his stories, sketches and essays carefully revised, and are to issue them in uniform style. "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Seven Stories," have just appeared and are beautiful specimens of the publisher's art. They are printed from new plates in small 12 mo. form, and are unusually attractive. These two volumes will be followed by "Dream Life" and "Wet Days at Edgewood," and the remaining volumes, which will contain a number of papers hitherto unpublished, will be published at short intervals.

TOPICS OF THE TIME—Edited by Dr. Titus Munson Coan, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price per volume 25 cents.

The first three of this series have just appeared, and treat respectively of "Social Problems," "Historical Studies" and "Questions of Belief." These "Topics of the Time" comprise a series of essays by prominent English writers, and have appeared in various English Quarterlies and Reviews. It is the aim of the Editor to select the best of these and by publishing them in a uniform style permanently preserve them in a neat convenient shape. Other volumes, soon to appear are "Studies and Biography," "International Issues," "Studies in Literature," "Scientific Progress."

MUST THE OLD TESTAMENT GO? By Wilbur F Crafts. Boston, James H. Earle, 178 Washington street. Price, 40 cents.

Mr. Crafts has in this little volume taken a vigorous stand in the battle that is to-day raging around the Old Testament, and uses his weapon very skilfully to show his belief, as expressed in his preface, that "as the controversy that culminated in the Nicene Creed practically settled the doctrine of Christ's deity; and as the Reformation crystalized the doctrine of justification; so in our day, perhaps, the doctrine of inspiration is to have its crucial investigation and more accurate statement, and then remain forever settled in the Church."

THE PRIMER OF POLITENESS. By Alex. M. Gow, A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A little book of 200 pages, prepared to assist teachers and parents in the government of the school, the author holding that "He is but taught who has learned the secret of self-control," that "He is best governed who is self-governed," and that "Other things being equal, that school is the best where the government is the result of moral and not of physical force.

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Washington Irving. New Yorkr G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two vols., paper, 30 cents each.

Messrs. Putnam have issued an edition of Irving's Life of Washington and History of the American Revolution that will prove very popular. The two volumes are printed in large, clear type, and are copiously illustrated.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of the *Living Age* for September 15 and 22 contain France and England in Egypt, and France and Syra, *Fortnightly;* The Locust War in Cyprus, *Nineteenth Century;* Across the Plains, *Longman's;* King Mtse, and the Beiki Arabs, *Blackwood;* Two Turkish Islands To-day, *Macmillan;* Moruca; or a Few Days among the Indians, *Month;* Earth Pulsations and Winter Life at Fort Rae, *Nature;* Unclaimed Money, and the Southampton Artesian Well, *Chamber's Journal;* The Pathetic Element in Literature, The Closing of the Scottish Highlands, and a Summer Day's Journey, *Spectator;* with "Master Tommy's Experiment," "Town Mice and Country Mouse," and instalments of "Along the Silver Streak," and poetry.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The October number is one of the best issues of this sterling magazine. Among its more important papers are the following: "Matter, Living and Not Living," by Paul R. Shipman; "Homeopathy as a Science," by Edward Bayard, M. D.; "The Liver-Fluke of Sheep," illustrated; "Cyclons and Tornados," "The Alcohol Habit," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald; "The Historical Development of Modern Nursing," by Abraham Jacobi, M. D.; "Some Unsolved Problems in Geology," "The Chemistry of Cookery," and a sketch, with portrait, of Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer, whose intelligent and thoro investigations of the disease have earned him the designation of "a champion against the cholera."

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

October brings the concluding number of The Century year, and of the 26th volume of the magazine. Illustrated articles and critical biographical papers give a popular look to the number. The portrait of Longfellow which accompanies Edmund C. Stedman's admirable essay on the poet, is thought to be one of the best of The Century series of frontispieces. Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale, reviews the position held in religious thought and history by "Martin Luther, after Four Hundred Years."

Richard Grant White's "Old New York and Its Houses" is one of the most interesting among the illustrated articles. William H. Rideing's interesting jaunt about London, "In the Footsteps of Thackeray," describes and illustrates houses and scenes described in Thackeray's novels. H. H. contributes an illustrated paper on the "Outdoor Industries of California."

Austin Dobson follows his important paper on the engraver, Thomas Bewick (the September Century, 1882) with a sketch of "The Pupils of Thomas Bewick."

In the third part of the "Bread-Winners," the anonymous novel which is attracting so much attention, there is the novelty of two love scenes, in which the hero is doubly embarrassed by a declaration of love from Maud, and subsequently by the coldness with which Alice receives his own proposal. Mr. Howells brings "A Woman's Reason to an effective conclusion. "Through Waterspout and Typhoon," by James G. Wait, is a story of the tropical seas, of graphic and realistic power.

The poetry of the number is contributed by Roger Riordan, L. Frank Tooker, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, Edna Dale, and in "Brie-a-Brac" by Richard A. Jackson and others.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The October number opens with a beautiful poem by Philip Bourke Marston, entitled "Summer Changes," which is followed by the second part of Louisa M. Alcott's charming child story, "Little Pyramus and Thisbe." All big and little people who are fond of pets will read with interest about a big and a little pet of which John R. Coryell writes. There is also an entertaining chapter on army pets in Harry M. Kieffer's "Recollections of a Drummer-boy." A bright account of a "Kitchen-Garden School" is given in a letter written by one of its little pupils, and there is an "Art and Artists" paper on Rembrandt. The younger folk will be delighted to find another of Palmer Cox's funny "Brownie" poems. A funny prose story is "Lollipops' Vacation" by Sophie Swett, and there are contributions by Sarah J. Pritchard, Anna Eichberg, and others. The two popular serials, "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," by J. T. Trowbridge, and "Swept Away," by Edward S. Ellis, are brought to eminently satisfactory conclusions.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Of John Brown's "Bab and His Friends" 58,000 copies have been sold in England.

Mrs. M. J. Pitman ("Margery Dean") denies that she is the writer of "A Newport Aquarelle."

Estes & Lauriat announce an *edition de luxe* of Carlisle's works in 20 volumes, limited to 750 copies.

Mr. John Russell Young, American Minister at Pekin, is said to be collecting material for a history of China.

Paul du Chaillu, the traveler and author, is living in London, working on his new book entitled "The Viking Age."

Charles Dudley Warner will soon publish a recollection of his travels in Europe under the title, "A Roundabout Journey."

The Andover *Review*, the spirit of which is to unite "progressive orthodoxy," is to make its first appearance in December.

Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, works in the midst of a library of 35,000 volumes, housed in a brick building.

Miss Maude Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is credited with the authorship of the new society novel, "A Newport Aquarelle."

"Those Pretty St. George Girls; a Woman's Story and a Woman's Book," and "Her Two Husbands," by Emile Zola, are two new books just issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Spurgeon has only two children, twins, and they are Baptist clergymen.

Some real pious, old-fashioned Massachusetts folks believe that the codfish is the National bird.

A young medical dude thinks if volcanos were vaccinated their eruptions wouldn't be so dangerous.

On account of its representation of a conspiracy, Strauss' operetta, "Prince Methusalem," has been interdicted in Russia.

The last man knocked down and robbed in New York had his mouth forced open and the gold plate with its false teeth jerked out.

Mary Anderson's alleged refusal to see the Prince of Wales should serve as a "pointer" for John L. Sullivan during his tour abroad.

"What is laughter?" asks the Brooklyn *Eagle*. It's the sound you hear all over the restaurant when the waiter dumps a plate of hot soup down your back.

A Paris letter says that City is very dull; there are no great scandals this season. This is a severe slur on that insatiable thirster for notoriety, Mr. Frederick Gebhard.

"Yes," said Amy, "I went to the telephone and put the thingumbob to my ear——" "Thingumbob!" screamed the High School girl, "you mean the audituent tube."

Fred. Douglass declared at Louisville yesterday that his is the most despised and abject race on the face of the globe. Is it possible that Mr. Douglass never met a sleeping car porter face to face?

A large cat sprang from the roof of a three-story building in Cohoes, N. Y., and caught a sparrow, but fell to the pavement and broke her back, and the sparrow flew away. A sparrow has nine lives.

The hotel waiter's costume still remains the standard for an American man's full dress. To prevent mistakes at parties, however, the waiter is directed to carry a towel on his arm instead of a young lady.

Robert Comwell, of Henrietta, N. Y., had an accusing conscience. His wife unsuspectingly joked him about his fondness for the hired girl, and he, thinking she knew all, eloped with the young woman.

There is a young fellow in Lynn,
Who says drinking wine is a sin,
He says claret and sherry
Are horrible, very,
But, Lord, now he'll put in the gin!

Twelve locomotives complete, although in detached parts were shipped from Philadelphia for Brazil on Thursday last. The cargo was boxed before being put on board, and will be put together by Philiadelphia workmen on arriving at Rio Janeiro.

When "Jay-Eye-See" trotted in 2:10¾ his owner felt so proud and happy that he rushed into the ladies' stand and kissed his wife. The Rochester *Post-Express* thinks it would be interesting to know what he would do in case his wife should trot in 2:10½.

While a hotel cook at San Diego, Cal., was preparing some chickens for dinner, he discovered about $10 worth of gold nuggets and four ounces of gravel in their crops. The fowls had been recently purchased from a farmer, but the cook does not remember his name.

Prof. John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, is now said to be worth $50,000. He is weary of prize-fighting and gin-milling, and he told a friend the other day that he intended next Summer to buy a little yacht and spend most of his time on water. He will call his lugger the "Slugger."

It is astonishing how many parents of grown-up unmarried daughters are in favor of the general adoption of the proposed "24 o'clock" time dial. They seem to think when, late in the evening, the hour gets around to such an alarming figure as 23 o'clock the tireless lovers will conclude it is time to leave.

Albert Bierstadt is engaged upon a large canvass entitled, "A View of Yellowstone Park." One of the features will be Mike Sheridan toiling up a precipice with a big bundle of luggage on his back, while at a table in the foreground sits a patient-looking male penning a dispatch to the Associated Press.

The man who was observed on State street this morning with a three-cent stamp on his left ear, endeavoring to climb into a letter-box and clamoring for them to "fesh on their Postoffices, cosh he wash so drunk he couldn't go to them," is believed to hold the theory that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

A misinformed Southern newspaper speaks of Henry Irving, the actor, as a "scene enter." It is well enough not to excite prejudice in advance against Mr. Irving. He is in no sense a scene-chewer or ranter. His acting is marked by quiet dignity and composure. In fact, we are told that in the character of *Hamlet* he looks as solemn as a mule in a snow-storm.

It is a mistake that coachmen know nothing about poker. In the East a coachman gains the affections of his lord's daughter and marries her, and he and she make a pair. He then makes his blind good by drawing the old gent and lady, which makes two pair. He fills with the boodle, which the old gent always carries, and consequently rakes in the pot with a full hand.

Mr. Edwin Booth is to make his Winter home in Boston. Some weeks ago he asked his friend, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to find him a suitable house to purchase, and that gentleman has just secured for him a pleasant, old-fashioned dwelling situated in the comfortable and convenient section of the City known as the old West End.

There have been some expressions of indignation because in his journeying in this country Lord Coleridge has been protected by detectives. The attempted assassination of the British Vice-Consul at New York justifies the precautions that have been taken. The Judge ought really to have a detatchment of the Horse Guards in his wake all the while.

During his stay in Newport Pres. Arthur will be the guest of Mr. Seth Barton French. While at the house of his friend he will arrange a number of rare specimens of bugs which he picked up during his trip through the Yellowstone Park. The President is quite a bugologist, though he never imagines that he can see spiders on the walls of his blue bedroom.

"What's that bell ringing for?" asked a man who had just arrived in a Southern town. "Prominent citizen dead, sir," replied the inhabitant. "Well, I hope he'll stay dead. I've been traveling over this country all Summer and haven't met anybody but prominent citizens, and the fact that one of them is actually dead gives me great encouragement."

A picked 11 of lawyers from Liverpool played a cricket match with a picked 11 of lawyers from Manchester. The day was beautifully fine, and a large company had assembled to see which set of lawyers had had the most practice. With the first ball of the second over, however, a dispute arose, and the 22 lawyers gathered around the umpire to argue the point. The argument continued with no sign of abatement till 5 o'clock in the evening, at which time the umpire died. Great astonishment is felt that he held up so long as he did.

"Father," asked the young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dyes wool on lambs and a Western editor?"

"Well now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring. "I'm not prepared to state. What is the difference?"

"Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other is a——"

"What? what? my son?"

"Western editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.

The correspondent of the Albany *Express*, who accompanied the Northern Pacific Railroad party, saw a prairie fire. "It was miles away to the Northeast, but as the train sped along the great sheet of flame came nearer and nearer, and before midnight it was a thrilling spectacle. The vast ocean of land, level as a table, seemed to touch the skies at all points of the compass, and the angry flames, illuminating the otherwise black horizon, were not easily to be forgotten."

A somewhat inebriated gentleman boarded a down car on Yonge street, Toronto. Balancing himself against the door he asked the conductor to let him off Cruikshank street. When Wilton avenue was reached he recognized his destination and, stumbling over the bell-strap, gave it a tremendous tug. The conductor was irritated. "What do you mean by jerking the bell like that—ringing it at both ends?" he said, with rising anger.

"Well—(hic)—don't I wansh the carsh to stop—(hic) at both ends!"

A Woman's Glove.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: "A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man. When a man is agitated or perplexed he attacks his vest buttons. A woman's vest doesn't admit of this; but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarassment. She smooths out the fingers, rearranges the button, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that allay nervousness."

Ladies who possess the finest complexions are among the patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50 cts.

FOR THE LADIES.

Pres. Tyler's widow is at the Louise Home at Washington.

Vinnie Ream has added another baby to her family quire.

In 1880 there were 75 female and 64,063 male lawers in the United States.

The very latest fashion in dinner-plates is square in shape, beautifully hand-painted.

The Princess of Wales has set the fashion of wearing natural flowers artificially dyed to produce novel effects.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey and the Empress of Austria are the rival bidders for Porter Rhodes's 150 carat diamond.

In some parts of Russia it is believed that if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of the wedding her husband will not love her.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has been attracting at the Milford, Conn., races, and patting fine cattle with her operatic hand at the fair.

An elderly female twined her arms about Henry Ward Beecher in California recently and planted one on his ruby lips before he could get away.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey will remain in Paris another Winter to perfect her French before returning to her native land to begin the study of English.

"And so, Miss Fuller, you think Miss Johnson did wrong to go the stage in tights?" "Indeed I do. Why, her limbs are as thin as pipe-stems."

"Dear me," said a good lady the other evening, "how this craze for china is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying $3,000 for a pitcher."

Louisiana colored girls make dresses out of corn-husks. Their beaus make overcoats of corn, and as they wear them inside it makes their voices husky.

The Count and Countess Linden, of Russia, who have shown many kindnesses to Americans abroad, are expected to spend a month in Washington before the new year.

A St. Louis exchange says that Mrs. Sartoris, nee Nellie Grant, is at the country seat of her father-in-law, near Southampton, where she was recently joined by her husband.

Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theater in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a violent perspiration. They took her home and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.

In Scandinavia, mothers take their infants to church, closely swaddled and wrapped in the furs, and bury them in the snow drifts at the door, leaving little holes for the children to breathe through.

A St. Louis millinery firm pays a woman drummer $1,800 a year. From what we know of the wiles of women agents, says the Boston *Courier* bachelor, she must be a snare drummer to command that salary.

A Pennsylvania lady, 93 years of age, milks cows and bakes for a family of three persons. A great deal can be got out of old people if they are properly managed. Young people do not get half enough rest.

Mrs. Ralston, widow of the famous California banker, is living with her two sons at their new mining camp in California, where they are working hard and where they have erected a house for their mother.

Pretty ladies' maids have been the innocent cause of so much domestic trouble, that a Philadelphia employment agent thinks of making a big strike for feminine patronage by advertising "Ugly girls a specialty."

A young miss of 16 asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of gentleman at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

"No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never had any children; I never liked children, you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the sea-shore. It's so stylish, you know."

A Chicago girl has tried the experiment of falling in love with a hostler, and has not proved an exception to the universal rule in such cases. From respectability and health she has fallen to infamy and disease, and lies at her happy home of one year ago a wreck.

Evidently the Empress of Japan does not hold a very high opinion of the virtues of the ladies in the empire. She has just ordered her chamberlain to prepare a list of all the faithful wives in the island in order that she may present them with a medal or badge of chastity.

A reporter interviewed the prize fat woman whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied, "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest large lady on exhibition."

A Denver wife grew very sick and the doctor said she must die. Her young and pretty nurse told the patient that she had been elected to succeed her in her husband's affections. The sick woman was so angry that she got well. She and her husband still live together, but never speak as they pass by.

A rancheress of Washoe Valley, Nev., has invented a novel method of preserving eggs for Winter use. During the Summer she breaks the eggs, pours the contents into bottles, which are tightly corked and sealed, and then placed in the cellar, neck down. She claims the contents of the bottle come out as fresh as when first put in.

A young lady reading in a newspaper the other day of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss, called the attention of her of her uncle, who was in the room, to that singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for. "What did she go crazy for?" archly returned the ingenious maiden. "Why, for more, I suppose!"

A Denver correspondent thus describes the second Mrs. Sen. Tabor: "A flabby blonde, about the medium hight, whose form may have been voluptuous once, but is now only fat; he

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication (unless a an evidence of good faith). All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations seeking a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We would request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial department of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

J. H. W., Gilmanster, Tenn.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

E. L., (no postoffice): There are no public lands in Virginia. The climate is considered healthy.

Old Soldier, Amonett, Tenn.: Correspond directly with the Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington.

D. K., Fort Robinson, Neb.: The Land Offices in Nebraska are located at Norfolk, Lincoln, Grand Island, Bloomington, Beatrice, Niobrara, and North Platte. Address the Register.

I. O. T., Nilwood, Ill.:

If a Government stamped envelope be cut open and the wafer and used as a wrapper for thin letter matter, is the stamp good as far as it goes?

Yes.

S. C. H., Oakland City, Ind:

Please inform me where common house lamps are manufactured.

There are large manufactories in Pittsburg and elsewhere.

J. A. T., Fort Townsend, W. T.:

1. Give the address of some large book firm where books can be bought reasonable. 2. Where is the Popular Science Monthly printed, and what is it a year?

1. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 2. New York; $5.

M. J. C., Earlville, Iowa:

Can you tell me where the Police Gazette is published, and what kind of a paper it is?

It is published in New York, and is devoted to sporting matters, prize fights, murders, burglars, etc.

E. H. C., Republican City, Neb.:

Please inform me how a soldier will proceed to get into the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, O.

Apply to the Commander of the nearest G. A. R. Post, or write to Gov. Patrick, of the Home.

W. P. M., Mello, Kan.:

Will you please state whether or not a country postmaster is obliged to open his office on Sunday?

If no mails arrive after the closing of the office on Saturday and before 6 o'clock Sunday afternoon the office need not be opened.

F. C. A., Buckway, Mich.:

1. Where was Tom Corwin born? 2. Where did he die?

1. Bourbon County, Ky., July 29, 1794. 2. Died in Washington, December 18, 1865.

P. M. C., Beaver Dam, N. C.:

What time is allowed, after filing an application for a patent, in which to complete it?

Two years. If it is shown to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Patents that the delay was unavoidable, he may, in his discretion, extend the time.

C. R., Rockford, Mich.:

1. Please give a recipe for making gold size, such as is used on picture frames. 2. Also a recipe for putting up fruits and vegetables without heating.

1. Grind a lump of tobacco pipe clay into a very stiff paste with thin size; add a small quan tity of red ochre and fine black lead, ground fine, and temper the whole with a small piece of tallow. 2. Too indefinite. Heating is essential in almost every instance.

C. A. F., Roanoke, Ind.: The organs made by Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., are good reliable instruments. There are probably more of them in use in this country than those of any other maker, and they give excellent satisfaction. Mr. Beatty is entirely responsible. He does business in a different way than other manufacturers, but what he advertises he does.

Sangre, De Christo:

1. Can a person "prove up" on the whole or part of a pre-emption, sell it and give a warranty deed to the same before he gets his patent from the Government? 2. What steps are necessary to be taken in laying out a town site?

1. We do not understand how a person can give a warrantee deed for land for which he can show no title. 2. A compliance with the laws of the State, and, to be safe, the first step should be to consult an attorney.

S. M. G., Cosmos, Minn.:

What were the provisions of the military and tenure-of-office bills passed over the vetos of Pres. Johnson?

The first created a number of military districts covering the insurrectionary States, and declared that no State could be received into the Union until a State Government had been formed in an equal rights Convention which should ratify the 14th amendment. The second took from the President the power of making certain appointments and removals.

P. C. R., Ashley, O.:

1. Did the Republican platform of 1880 indorse the administration of Pres. Hayes? If so, please give the resolution.

1. Yes. 2. "That the purity and patriotism which characterized the early career of Rutherford B. Hayes in peace and war, and which guided the thoughts of our immediate predecessors to select him for a Presidential candidate, have continued to inspire him in his career as Chief Executive, and that history will accord to his administration the honors which are due to an efficient, just, and courteous discharge of the public business, and will honor his interposition between the people and proposed partisan laws."

W. M., Illinois:

In 1843 could a person enter 80 acres, and then enter two 40 acres, 160 in all, they all joining together?

The homestead law was passed in 1862. The pre-emption laws have been in force since 1841. Under the latter law, one or more adjoining 40-acre lots could be entered, the aggregate not exceeding 160 acres; "provided such settlement was made since June 1, 1840, and previously to the time of application for the land, which land must, at the date of the settlement, have had the Indian title extinguished, and been surveyed by the United States." Only one person upon a quarter section is protected, and he the one who made the first settlement, provided he conform to the other provisions of the law.

L. D. W., Mont Ida, Kan.:

Could you favor an old subscriber by giving the method of coloring butter for market—something that is harmless to consumers?

To a boiling solution of pearlash add as much annotto as it will dissolve. When cold, decant the clear solution, and neutralize with diluted sulphuric acid, avoiding any excess. Wash the precipitate with a little cold water, and dry it. In coloring butter with annotto, it is important that a prime article be used, and to have it prepared so that it shall be free from sediment and adulteration. A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead suggests that thy best means for insuring a good color for butter is to feed each cow a pailful of corn meal mush, warm, each day, the corn to be the yellow variety. He says the increase in the quantity of milk and butter will pay the cost of the meal, and the rich color will be secured without expense.

J. W. G., Jamestown, O.:

What is the true meaning of "evolution," as preached by Henry Ward Beecher and other divines?

The theory of evolution is thus stated by Prof. Huxley: "There are grounds for believing that the world, with all that is in it, did not come into existence in the condition in which we now see it, nor in anything approaching that condition. On the contrary, believers in evolution hold that the present conformation and composition of the earth's crust, the distribution of land and water, and the infinitely diversified forms of animals and plants which constitute its present population, are merely the final terms in an immense series of changes which have been brought about, in the course of immeasurable time, by the operation of causes more or less similar to those which are at work at the present day." To answer fully, and give all the arguments advanced by believers in evolution would require a volume.

S. S., Company. The Brush light began to come into notice about five or six years ago and it has hardly had an opportunity as yet to demonstrate its real qualities, but it seems to have come into immediate demand, not only in our own country but in all parts of the world. It is a perfectly steady light, and is entirely free from the objections which have been urged against the electric light. It is also very much cheaper than gas. The Brush light began to come into notice about five or six years ago and it has hardly had an opportunity as yet to demonstrate its real qualities, but it seems to have come into immediate demand, not only in our own country but in all parts of the world. It is a perfectly steady light, and is entirely free from the objections which have been urged against the electric light. It is also very much cheaper than gas.

D. G., Evansburg, O.:

Give vote for Blaine and Hayes at the Cincinnati Convention on first and last ballots.

Blaine—first ballot, 285; seventh ballot, 351. Hayes—first ballot, 61; seventh, 384. Conkling also received 21 votes on the last ballot.

B. F. C., Calhoun, W. Va.:

Give number of insane, idiotic, blind, and deaf mutes in the United States, by sex.

Insane—Male, 44,408; female, 47,589. Idiots—Male, 45,309; female, 31,586. Blind—Male, 25,748; female, 22,180. Deaf-mutes—Male, 18,567; female, 15,311.

A. N. R., Cresson, Kan.:

What is the penalty for falsely marking or labeling articles to be patented?

A fine of not less than $100, with costs; one-half to go to the person who shall sue and the other to the use of the United States, to be recovered by suit in any District Court of the United States within whose jurisdiction such offense may have been committed.

E. F., Aitken, Minn.:

Will you please tell me how to find a package that has been lost through the mail?

Report to Chief Postoffice Inspector, Washington, D. C., also to the Postoffice Inspector, Chicago, Ill. State to whom and what postoffice the article was addressed, give name and full address of the sender, date and place of mailing, and a full description of the contents. If registered, the number should also be furnished.

W. G., Plankinton, D. T.:

1. Under the existing land laws is a pre-emption after proving up subject to attachment under a judgment rendered eight or 10 years ago in the States? 2. Would a patent from the Government on a tract of land be valid, if after alleged proof it could be shown that fraud was used in obtaining the same?

1. The laws of Dakota exempt from execution a homestead of 160 acres; personalty, $1,500; furniture, etc., $300. A judgment creates no lien upon property exempt from execution, and property exempt before the death of a debtor continues exempt afterward in favor of his widow and children. 2. Fraud annuls all contracts into which it enters.

G. N. S., Central City, Iowa:

I want to know something about the cultivation of salsify, or vegetable oyster.

It requires the same kind of soil and management as carrots and parsnips. The seed should be sown early in the spring, an inch deep, in drills 12 inches apart. When the plants are two or three inches high, they should be thinned to the distance of six inches from each other, and afterwards hoed. The ground should be kept clean and loose around the plants by repeated hoeing. In the autumn they will be fit for use. The roots may be taken up late in autumn and secured in moist sand from the air; or suffered to remain out and dug up when wanted. As the seeds of salsify do not ripen uniformly, it should be sown moderately thick, and none but the earliest sowed.

O. L. S., Oreana, Ill.:

Will you state where the material known as seagrass grows? Is it a natural product of the soil or water? Is the supply inexhaustible? Give a brief history.

There are over 500 varieties, some of the most abundant of which are employed on the British shores for the manufacture of help. The species employed for this purpose is extremely abundant on all the rocky shores of Britain, growing between high and low water mark, often struggling for existence on the very upper line, and even found among grass and moss in marshy ground occasionally overflowed by the tide. Some attain a great size, the fronds in some instances being 500 to 1,500 feet in length. A species called black wrack is used in Norway as food for cattle, generally sprinkled with a little meal. It is preferred to other species for packing crabs and lobsters to be sent to market, as it keeps them moist. The various species are used for manure to great advantage by farmers on the sea coast.

W. S. A., Farr's Corners, Wis.:

What are the conditions under which the Alaska Commercial Company have a monopoly of the seal trade?

The act of Congress limits the time when the seals may be killed to the months of June, July, September and October in each yaar; prohibits killing by firearms, or any other means that will tend to drive the seals away, as well as the killing of female seals or of any seals less than one year old; and the killing of any seals in the waters or "on the beeches, cliffs, or rocks where they haul up from the sea to remain;" limits the number that may be killed to 100,000 in each year, besides what the natives may require for their food; and provides for the leasing of the exclusive privilege of killing the seals for the term of 20 years. The Com. pany paid into the Treasury of the United States, from July, 1870, to August, 1881, in taxes and rental, the total sum of $342,4 8.50. It is stated that, provided matters are conducted on the island in the future as they are to-day, and no plague or abnormal causes of destruction arise, 100,000 seals under the age of five years, and more than one year old, may be safely taken every year, without the slightest injury to the birth-rates or regular increase. This assertion is based on the estimate that about 1,000,000 "pups," or young seals, are born on the islands every year, of which about one-half are males.

J. S. T., Fraser, Mich.:

Will you give some directions for the winter management of bees?

The later in the season the bees are able to fly out, the better; the beekeeper must therefore be governed by the weather and climate. If the bees are to be housed, it is best to leave them out until winter has fairly set in. A cold snap or even a heavy snow storm will not injure them, but continuous freezing weather will. The best place to winter bees is undoubtedly a dry cellar; next to this is a building with double walls, the space being filled with sawdust, tanbark or charcoal dust. Darkness and steady cool air tend to keep the bees quiet. It is sometimes well to bury bees for the winter, if you have a dry, sandy soil; the trench should be made larger every way than the hives, and the spaces filled with straw. With a little care, bees can be wintered out of doors. If there is a winter entrance near the top of the hive the lower entrance can be nearly closed. The honey board should be removed and a straw top put in its place, over which put the regular top. Drive stakes around the hives and pack in straw. All but the front of the hive should be thickly covered with straw, and the entrance should face the southwest. Supposing the bees to have been closed up on the first of December, about the middle of January the bottom of the hives should be cleaned of all dead bees and the bees that are housed supplied with water. Remove the wire cloth from one of the center holes in the honey board and put in its place a sponge filled with sweetened water. Cover the sponge with a tumbler. Again in a month the hive should be cleaned, and if any of the stocks have exhausted their stores they must be fed. This is the management for movable comb hives. A correspondent of the New England Farmer says he fed his bees Southern honey, costing 17 cents a pound, and the experiment was successful.

F. F. F., Shedd, Oregon:

Have you the re ords by which you could give us the number of barrels of fish packed on the lakes yearly, as compared with the salmon fisheries of the Pacific coast?

The table below, taken from the census report of 1880, shows the number of men engaged in the business, capital employed, etc.:

States and Territories	Persons employed.	Capital invested.	Value of products.
Alabama	633	$ 98,200	$ 119,075
Alaska	6,130	447,000	2,661,640
California	3,094	1,139,675	1,850,774
Connecticut	3,131	1,421,020	1,455,866
Delaware	1,079	268,331	397,695
Florida	2,480	406,117	643,227
Georgia	849	78,170	119,893
Illinois	200	83,400	93,160
Indiana	82	39,050	52,740
Louisiana	1,597	1,121,631	2,262,010
Maine	11,971	3,575,994	3,614,178
Maryland	20,068	6,342,443	5,221,715
Massachusetts	29,117	14,234,450	8,141,750
Michigan	1,781	442,665	716,170
Minnesota	33	10,170	5,200
Mississippi	186	8,800	22,540
New Hampshire	414	209,665	170,684
New Jersey	6,229	1,492,302	3,176,589
New York	7,268	2,628,585	4,380,565
North Carolina	5,274	506,561	845,053
Ohio	1,946	473,880	518,420
Oregon	6,885	1,131,350	2,298,024
Pennsylvania	502	119,810	230,050
Rhode Island	2,310	566,778	893,915
South Carolina	1,003	66,373	213,482
Texas	601	42,400	128,300
Virginia	18,864	1,914,119	3,124,444
Washington	744	90,858	181,372
Wisconsin	850	222,840	253,100
Total	131,246	37,953,349	48,046,032
New England States	37,043	19,937,607	14,270,393
Middle States, exclusive of Great Lake fish'ries	14,981	4,420,070	8,076,579
South Atlantic States	52,418	8,951,722	9,692,737
Gulf States	5,131	545,588	1,227,544
Pacific States and Territories	16,803	2,748,333	7,484,750
Great lakes	5,050	1,348,979	1,784,050

The New Amusement—The Coaster—The Cutest Notion and the Greatest Success of the Century.

Several years ago, Mr. Alanson Wood a mechanic and contractor of Toledo, O. conceived the idea of an appliance for coasting, or as the boys used to call it "Ridin' down hill," in the Summer time when snow is not available.

Everybody remembers the old pastime of riding down hill. Everybody remembers the delight of his sled, the sharp steel-shod sled on which he cast himself recklessly on the top of a high hill, lying flat upon his abdomen, steering the vehicle with his toes and the exhilerating slide down the long steep hill, the track as smooth as glass. Likewise does everybody remember the double sled which would carry two, the boy and his favorite girl, of the rush down the hill so rapid that even to kiss the girl in transit was impossible.

There was nothing in life so exciting as riding down hill. There's the snow, the sled, steel-shod, made as light as consistent with strength and staunchness. There was the start, the slow motion to begin with, the rapid flight as the descent became more acute and the law of gravity began to assert itself, there was the anxious look behind for the rival sled, for boys were as proud of the speed of their sleds as men are now are as to the speed of trotting horses, there was the urging with the toe, for as fast as it was going it could be made by management to go faster, there was the lightning-like descent, the skill in steering so as to keep as near the inside of a curve as possible and lose no inch of length unnecessarily, and when the bottom of the hill was reached and the road stretched off into a long level, there was the anxiety as to how far out upon this level the momentum would carry it. There were great differences in sleds. One sled would make better time down the hill, while another would carry, as you may say, rods farther than the faster one.

The writer hereof, in good old Cortland County, N. Y., was wont, in his boyhood, to enjoy a ride down a straight hill, two and a half miles from top to bottom, with a good half mile of level road at the finish. Clad in sheep's grey, with well tallowed boots, that two miles and a half up-hill was cheerfully walked many a time in the cold, bright moonlight for the sake of the bird-like flight downward. If was this exercise which enabled him in after years to bear the wear and tear of newspaper life, probably.

This was great fun, but it had its drawbacks. The slide down the hill was delightful, but to repeat you must needs walk up the hill again, and it was a question, a very serious one, whether the fun of gliding down the hill compensated for the walking back. As it was rather trying on the stout and stubbed boy, what must it have been for the girl? Her liking for the boy was all that sustained her.

Another drawback to this amusement was, it could only be indulged in when there was snow on the ground, and that in right quantities and conditions.

Mr. Wood, who evidently had been fond of "sliding down hill" when a boy, conceived the idea of making the amusement possible at all times of the year, and of doing away with the tedious dragging one's self up the hill after the exhilerating ride down. It was a very simple thing to conceive, but a very difficult thing to carry out. But he did it.

First, he substituted wheels for runners, and a railroad track for snow. Then he made a car that would hold as many as might be desirable, up to 20, say, with comfortable seats, and under the carriage body he placed two trucks, the wheels being flanged the same as railroad wheels. He built a track, 500 feet in length, both ends of which were elevated 21 feet, and he made the descent very rapid for about 200 feet, the grade growing less and less, till finally it became level, then a gradual ascent till it struck the rising grade of the other end, where it was, as, at the beginning, 21 feet high.

Now a car running down a grade 21 feet, will, by its own momentum, rise at the other end 17 feet, and were the car loaded and run down the 21 foot grade it would stop when within 17 feet of the other end, and run back, and then back again, losing a few feet each time, till it would finally stop at the lowest point on the level. Mr. Wood provided for that by putting a man 17 feet from the end, who, when the car reaches that point, gently shoves it up the level summit, and then runs it back again, to be caught in the same way at the other end.

For this ride the proprietor of the Roller Coaster charges a small fee, say two for five cents, or whatever his love of money and the temper of the public will stand.

The Roller Coaster has been the greatest success in the way of amusement that has been before the American public for years. Physicians recommend it as an exhilerant and invigorant, as the following testimonial from the most eminent physicians of Toledo of Toledo testifies:

TOLEDO, O., Sept. — 1883.

From personal experience and observation we recommend the use of the ROLLER COASTER, for a large class of invalids, not only as a means of giving a healthful and agreeable recreation, but as furnishing one of the best means of diverting the attention of the individual from morbid feelings and gloomy thoughts

W. W. JONES, M. D.
C. W. HIGGINS, M. D.
D. P. CHAMBERLIN, M. D.
W. C. CHAPMAN, M. D.
C. I. VAN PELT, M. D.
J. W. BOND, M. D.
S. F. FORBES, M. D.

Children flock to it by the thousand, and grave men and women renew the amusements of their youth on the rapid car.

It is absolutely safe, no accident can occur, it is very cheap amusement and yet it aggregates very largely for the proprietors. One has been in operation in Toledo all the last Summer and the daily receipts have never been less than from $25 to $100 a day, and during three days of the Tri-State Fair the enormous sum, for such a business, of $1,200 was realized. Enclosed, it will be in operation all Winter, and will be the merriest place in the City.

Mr. Wood, the inventor and patentee, has given the matter much time, he has worked out the idea faithfully, and has made a complete success of it. We are glad to know that he is realizing all he desires for his invention. The territory for the country is being very rapidly taken, for there has been nothing brought before the public so easily managed that brings such certain results. The right to the Roller Coaster for one Ward in Chicago sold for $1,000, and the same price was obtained for one Ward in St. Louis. From every part of

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"KNOCKING THE ROBIN."

How Some Cheap Dudes Get Their Cigars Nowadays.

Boston Star.

"Do you know how the cheap dude gets his smokes?" asked a policeman of a *Star* reporter as the two were walking along Beach street.

"Can't say that I do, unless he 'hangs it' some tobacconists," replied the *Star*.

"Well, he don't do it in that way because he has no credit."

"How does the cheap dude smoke then?"

"Maybe you'll be able to see in a few minutes. Along here is where they generally operate."

At the very next corner stood a crowd of alleged "flip" young men. They all wore very tight pants, soup-plate hats and shirts of questionable cleanliness. The policeman darted around the corner and stood in the shadow of a building. He could see the gang, but the gang could not see him.

"Now watch 'em closely," said the cop." Pretty soon, as two gentlemen who were smoking were walking along each towards Washington street, two of the would-be swells left their companions and sauntered towards the two gentlemen.

When they all came together the two dudes" jostled heavily against the gentlemen. At the same time two half-smoked cigars fell to the pavement. The two dudes apologized, and the gentlemen, giving them a rather sharp looking over, walked on. They did not pick up the cheroots.

"Now, watch those young fellows," remarked the policeman. The reporter did so, and pretty soon saw both of the dudes" turn back and pick up the cigar stumps. They placed them in their mouths and commenced to pull for dear life.

"They call that 'knocking the robin'" said the able "cop;" "it's being practiced rather largely among these hoodlum gangdies now. I'll just give 'em a bit of talking to."

And he did. In five minutes after the blue-coated protector of the peace had given the two young "bloods" a vigorous talking, there was not a cheap swell to be seen on Beach street.

Rescued From Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876, I was taken with BLEEDING OF LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as half a dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

Another Physician's Testimony.

BOSTON, MASS, May 9, 1881.

I know parties who have tried all kinds of medicines for Lung Diseases, who say that DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

DR. CHAS. H. WOOD.

The Biggest Whisky Town.

New York Sun.

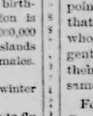
Peoria, Ill., has only 40,000 inhabitants, but there is one respect in which it is the biggest City in the land. There is no other from which the Government receives so large an amount of internal revenue. Thirteen immense distilleries make this the center of whisky manufacture. The tax is 90 cents a gallon. The largest distillery is under contract to send every drop of its product to France, to be used in the native wines of that vine-clad country.

The best cooks say that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the nicest, best raising for pastry. American housekeepers say that it lightens and sweetens the biscuit more efficiently; the Chemists say it is strong and free from Alum, Ammonia or any objectionable drugs; the Physicians say it is nutritious and healthful.

Lawsuit About Gulteau's Bones.

Baltimore Sun.

The suit of Rev. W. W. Hicks, of Washington, brought some months ago in Baltimore against Charles C. Fulton (since deceased) and Felix Agnus for $50,000 damages for an alleged libel published in the Baltimore *American* in reference to Mr. Hicks' connection with the disposition of Guiteau's skeleton, was nonprossed in the City Court yesterday under a rule of court requiring non-resident parties to a suit to give security for the payment of the costs. Such a judgement does not prevent a suit being brought again.



Dr. Holman's Pad CURES MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous & Sick Headaches All Liver and Stomach Troubles.

It is also a sure PROTECTION against Yellow Fever, Typhoid, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers, and will cure CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, SUMMER Complaints, CHILDREN'S Diseases, and many conditions from which many ladies suffer daily.

For further information send for Pamphlet or call on Dr. Holman personally. If not found at our nearest druggist, send registered letter direct to this office, and get your Pad by return mail.

Regular Pad, $5, post paid. Special Pad, $8, post paid.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., P. O. Box 2112. 93 William st., N. Y.

MUSIC.

For Choral Societies

Musical Associations in search of music to practice will do well to examine the following, by eminent composers, and not too difficult:

Light of the World ($2). Sullivan's new and very beautiful oratorio.

Noel ($1). St. Saen's Christmas Oratorio.

Prodigal Son (75 cents). Cantata or Oratorio by Sullivan.

Flight into Egypt (38 cents). Cantata by Berlioz.

Blind King (30 cents). Short but impressive cantata by J. C. D. Parker.

Ruth and Boaz (65 cents). Charming Pastoral Cantata, by Andrews.

Redemption Hymn (30 cents). By J. C. D. Parker.

The Deluge (80 cents). Descriptive Cantata, by St. Saens.

Christmas (80 cents). Cantata by Gutterson.

Damnation of Faust ($1). Strong and brilliant opera by Berlioz.

The Conspirators ($1.25). Just published. Easy opera by Schubert.

Forty-sixth Psalm (80 cents). By Dudley Buck.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CARDS.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk $1. 50 Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c, postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Large new, gold, silver, etc. Chromos, no 2 alike, name, 10c. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

40 New Beautiful Design Chromo Cards, 10c. Quality not quantity. 15 packs and Agent's Sample Album, only $1. FRED. I. JONES, Nassau, N. Y.

25 Gold, Bevel Edge or Silk Beautiful Chromo Cards, name on, 10c., 13 pks. $1.00. Sample book, 25c. Agents wanted. Splendid Premiums. Try it. U. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

CARD COLLECTORS—Illuminated, gilt, embossed and imported cards. Six elegant sets, 3 cards no 2 alike) for 10 two cent stamps. Catalogues free. Address J. W. Taylor & Sons, Pubs., Rochester, N. Y.

50 Satin Enamel Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest in perfumed designs. 11 packs & this elegant Ring or a beautiful imported $15k Handkerchief for $1. A Rolled Gold Ring with large sample book, 25c. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

80 CARDS BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a package of cards like sample we have in stock. Finest work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

PENSIONS.

PENSION Write T. W. Tallmadge, WASHINGTON, D. C. 21 years experience as Pension Attorney. Recommended by Senator John Sherman and others. Prosecutes all claims against the Government.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

SEND $1 for Spinal Specific. Instant relief. Sure Remedy for all pains. D. Foster, Binghampton, N. Y.

If you are growing Gray or Bald;

If your Hair is Thin, Brashy, Dry, Harsh, or Weak;

If you are troubled with Dandruff, Itching, or any Humor or Disease of the Scalp,

USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp, checks the falling out of the Hair and prevents it from turning gray, and is an unequalled dressing and toilet article.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Betts' MEDICAL DISPENSARY Toledo, Ohio.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

SPERMATORRHEA CURED.

Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis,

treated with unparalelled success, privately and safely, and in half the usual time.

Sexual Debility and Impotency, as the result of abuse or sexual excesses in maturer years, permanently cured.

Medicine wrapped in plain paper, and secure from observation, can be sent to any part of the country.

Correspondence confidential.

Pamphlet, 42 pages, free. Sent in a plain sealed envelope. Address

W. H. BETTS, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

SCOVILL'S Blood AND Liver SYRUP,

A Peerless Remedy for Scrofula, White Swellings, Cancer, Erysipelas, Cout, Chronic Sores, Syphilis, Tumors, Carbuncles, Salt Rheum. Malaria, Bilious Complaints, and all diseases Indicating an Impure Condition of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bowels, Skin, etc. This Grand Remedy is a Compound of Vegetable Extracts, the chief of which are SARSAPARILLA and STILLINGIA. The cures effected by SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP are absolute, and their record is undisfigured by failure. For sale by all Druggists.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

Is not a triumph of science, but a revelation through the instinct of the untutored savage, and is a complete antidote to all kinds of Blood Poison and Skin Humor.

Swift's Specific has cured me of Scrofula, which is hereditary in my family. I have suffered with it for many years, and have tried a great many physicians and all sorts of treatment, but to no purpose; and when I began to take Swift's Specific I was in a horrible condition but thanks to this great remedy, I am rid of the disease. There is no doubt that it is the greatest medicine in existence, and I hope any who doubt will write to me.

E. C. HAWES, Jr., Clarksville, Ga.

After suffering twenty-five years with a painful Dry Cancer, and trying many physicians, I was at last relieved by the use of Swift's Specific, and I cheerfully commend it to all similarly afflicted.

S. B. BRANHAM, Macon, Ga.

$1,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles S. S. S., one particle of Mercury, Iodide Potassium, or any mineral substance. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, October 4, 1883.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 113,000.

For two weeks the circulation of the BLADE has held steadily at 113,000, this week it requiring the same number to fill the enormous lists. The indications are that another week will require another thousand. There is no paper in the United States that has this circulation. We shall strike, we believe, 125,000 by January 1. This is because the BLADE is the *Largest*, CHEAPEST and BEST paper in the world, for $1, or for that matter any price. Look over its eight carefully edited pages and decide for yourself.

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TO PERSONS NON-SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Many persons not now taking the BLADE will receive this issue. Look it over carefully and see if you can get as for a dollar's worth in any way as to receive the BLADE 52 weeks, post paid. It is the largest, cheapest and best family newspaper published anywhere. One year for one dollar. Three months 30 cents. Clubs of four, three months, 25 cents each. Examine this number.

ACCORDING to the local custom the Queen of Madagascar is obliged to marry her Prime Minister.

Now we are told that the beavers are building their houses very thick this Fall which means a very cold Winter. More misery in anticipation.

SEND us the names of your friends who do not take the BLADE, that we may send them specimen copies. We want all you can send.

IT is stated upon authority that workingmen of this country spend annually $400,000,000 for liquor and nearly $2,000,000 for cigars and tobacco.

AN American lady lately went to place a wreath upon "GEORGE ELIOT'S" grave, and on going to the cemetery could find no one able to tell her where the body was laid. Such a fame. And this in her own country!

THE Corean Embassy has been kept on a lively trot, sight-seeing in New York. Evidently the authorities mean that its members shall make up for lost time, so far as they have anything to do with these representatives of the hermit nation.

NEW ENGLAND has suffered this Summer from a most disastrous drouth. The rainfall in June, July, August and September has been far below the average for 12 years. The driest month during that time was August of this year when the rain was only .39 of an inch. Crops have been much injured.

PATRICK CROWE, of Peoria, England's greatest foe, is now in New York. He says he is there to organize a rescuing band to go over and assist O'DONNELL, the avenger, to escape from the clutches of British law. He would have a good time of it, if he attempted such a scheme. But fortunately every one knows what a wind-bag CROWE is.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE close of the third quarter of the current year shows a fair degree of progress in the recovery of trade from the effects of the revulsion of prices which was necessitated by numerous causes last Spring. The past three months has by no means been a period of unmixed prosperity. Failures have been numerous and in some cases involved large amounts. Prices have as a rule been close to the productive cost and margins of profit have been slight. In many important branches of business the period has been one of shrinkage, while the volume of trade has been restricted and unsatisfactory. Yet the condition of business at the beginning of the last quarter of 1882 is such as to warrant a hopeful view of its prospects. The most encouraging element in the business situation at present is the fact that the readjustment of values in the leading branches of legitimate industry, which has been going on since the opening of the year, is apparently completed, and that trade is now progressing with confidence and security. The wholesale trade in the leading lines of merchandize this Fall, though a little late in getting under way, bids fair to attain a large volume. The manufacturing interests are gaining in activity. The iron trade especially is laboring under very low prices, but consumers and producer alike seem to perceive that values are on bottom rock, and the present volume of business, as well as the views of the entire trade, seem to promise a gradual improvement. Notwithstanding some heavy failures in the Eastern clothing trade, the woolen market has shown an improvement, and the same tendency is more marked in the cotton goods trade.

BUTLER'S henchmen held at Springfield, Mass., last week what they called a Democratic State Convention, but what was really merely a publication of BUTLER'S selections for the ticket and his manifesto of "principles" for his campaign. Col. JONAS H. FRENCH acted as his executive officer, and "ran" the Convention in a very high-handed and despotic way, notwithstanding the vociferous protests of some delegates who labored under the delusion that they were invited there to have some say in the matter. The nominees are all BUTLER'S trusted tools, and he had the consummate effrontery to announce in his speech his desire and expectation that the people of Massachusetts would give him a Legislature which would do what he wanted done.

THE Democratic State Committee of New York met at Buffalo, with a large attendance. Every effort was made to secure a harmonious session, and a certain amount of success was attained. JOHN KELLY was present, at the head of his insolent Tammany braves, and was the hero of the day. He was loudly applauded by his claequers, with whom he filled the galleries, and he swaggered like a cock-of-the-walk over his traditional enemies, the Irving Hall, or County Democrats. The ticket nominated was weak, and the platform very cowardly. Not a word was dared to be said on the Tariff. Neither platform or ticket aroused any enthusiasm among the Democrats.

IN Iowa, Ohio, New Jersey and Maryland the campaigns are going on with increasing interest and most encouraging prospects for grand Republican successes. In Ohio the lowest estimates place the Republican majority at 18,000, with the entire State ticket elected, and a good working majority in both branches of the Legislature. In Iowa there will be an old-time majority rolled up. In New Jersey and Maryland the chances of Republican success are felt to be growing better daily. The local elections in Connecticut occurred on Monday with sweeping victories everywhere. This is regarded as a happy augury for the great elections which will take place next Tuesday.

MATTERS in Europe remain about the same as a week ago. One event which has attracted considerable attention was the treatment received by the King of Spain upon his visit to Paris. He was insulted in the most outrageous manner. It was doubtless caused by his previous visit to Germany and his acceptance of a Colonelcy of an Uhlan Company. Any one who accepts German favors need not expect anything pleasant in France, as the memory of the past is yet too vivid to permit any amicable feeling towards Germany.

WHILE the French are insulting the Spanish monarch, Germany is full of enthusiasm over the unveiling of the great German National monument in the Rhine Valley. This is the way the German people have placed in a fixed and permanent form their idea of German nationality and unity. The affair was conducted with great ceremony and was a most imposing affair.

THE delay of France in closing negotiations with China seems now to promise continued trouble. From the English standpoint, she had better have taken Annam and let Tonquin go. It now seems as if the Premier was determined to prolong the matter until the meeting of the Chambers on the last of this month. Should he do so it will probably cause a Ministerial defeat.

ELSEWHERE the extent to which Nihilism has increased in the Russian army is spoken of and the arrest of many of the officers. In connection with these arrests, the discovery of a large depot of arms, gunpowder, dynamite, etc., is reported at Charkoff, showing the activity of the Revolutionists in perfecting their plans. All of these things are strong evidences that their resolution never flags.

IT is said that negotiations between France and the Vatican have reached a satisfactory conclusion. The French Government has restored the suppressed stipends to the Catholic clergy, and has given formal assurances of pacific intentions toward the Holy See. Negotiations are to be opened with the Prussian Government for the restoration to their pastorates of the Catholic Bishops who were expelled.

SOME of the Chicago papers are trying to get up a boom for MOODY, the Evangelist, as Mayor of that wicked City. The reverend gentleman would have his hands full trying to govern that wicked, wicked City.

IS THERE no way of muzzling the sensational play writer. His last effort is "O'Donnell the Avenger." Will we never have a rest?

THE IMPORTANCE OF RUM AND BEER TO THE WORLD.

The liquor makers and dealers do not often rush into print, but when they do they make it count. In view of the fact that there is a very great probability that the second amendment will carry the State, the fraternity of Ohio have issued an appeal, which has been generally published. It is a document of vast importance. It asserts, to begin with, that Prohibition means the confiscation of $60,000,000 invested in breweries, and distilleries, that it would destroy the means of livelihood of 30,000 families directly depending on the interest, and indirectly twice as many more.

The destruction of the means of livelihood of 90,000 families is a matter so serious as to require consideration. The men whose means of livelihood would be destroyed by Prohibition are, of course, the employes of the distilleries and breweries, and, likwise, the gentlemen who stand behind bars, and all of the class employed in making, distributing and selling liquor.

Certainly this matter is worth considering. No doubt the success of the Prohibition movement, if it prohibits, would throw these persons out of employment, but would it keep them out of work? Would the bar-keeper, the young man with his hair parted in the middle, who flirts a glass across a counter so gracefully, were his bar closed, would he immediately sing his death-song and lie down and die? It would be a great gain to humanity if a great many of them should confer that favor upon the world, but we do not think they would. Fortunately for barkeepers there are other employments besides pouring out whisky and drawing beer. There is land to be cleared, there are rails to maul, and the teeming West is sadly in want of bull-whackers And then the most of them have other employments. Saloonist SMITH, for instance, who is not a bartender, but a proprietor, was, we will say, originally a tinsmith. Could he not go back to his original business and substitute the pleasant clink of the hammer for the gurgle of the yeasty beer? Saloonist BROWN was a machinist, and if what he says may be taken as truth, and who doubts him? a most excellent one. When his place that now knows the bottle and cask, knows them no more for ever, cannot Saloonist BROWN turn over the care of the country to other hands and take his place at the planer and lathe? There is a greater demand for machinists and tinners than even bartenders, and whatever others may say about it, we hold that making steam engines or tin pans are quite as honorable ways of making a living as selling whisky. Neither of these saloonists will starve if their respective places are closed by the iron hand of the law.

But we have direct authority to show that to close the beer-shops and whisky palaces would not work utter ruin. Only a few months ago one of the most extensive brewers in Toledo remarked: "They are bothering me with their Pond law, and their Smith law, and Prohibition, and GOD knows what. Let 'em keep on—let 'em keep on. They will keep worrying me till one of these fine days I'll turn that magnificent brewery of mine into a d—d sewing machine factory!"

It was a terrible threat, but the City of Toledo could endure even that. The building is admirably adapted to factory purposes, and were the manufacture of beer to stop entirely, it would not be confiscation.

The next statement in this manifesto, which has been circulated by the million, is that Prohibition would empty 15,000 business houses of tenants, that the income of capitalists would fall one-fourth in 30 days, that it would destroy the business of coopers, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, copper-smiths, ice men and harness makers.

We must insist that the writer of this Jeremiad rather over estimates the importance of the beer-trade. Blacksmiths do shoe brewers' horses, but are there no horses but those employed in brewing? Do no people but brewers use ice? Are brewers the only ones who use wagons, kettles and harness? If so the situation is serious, indeed.

But there is one ray of light to illumine this general gloom. It so happens that the capital invested in brewing employs fewer men than almost any other branch of manufactures, so the stoppage of it would have no very great effect upon the body politic. And beside were the beer trade to be wiped out, while it would diminish the general volume of business in one thing, it would vastly increase it in others. As the New England fisherman says, "What you lose on the mackerel you make up on the cod-fish." If the beer-shops and whisky mills were shut up, those who contribute 25 per cent of their earnings to their support, would have that much to invest in some other way. As their wives and children would be better clothed, the business of the sellers of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, etc., would be vastly increased, giving employment to more salesmen, and who shall say that a salesman in a dry goods store is not as estimable a citizen as a drawer of beer?

Very many workingmen who now rent miserable rooms because of their tendency to beer, would build houses for themselves, giving employments to carpenters and masons, and, heretical though it may be to the Democratic Liquor Dealers' Association, we insist that a carpenter is at least as valuable a member of society as any bartender that ever mixed a cocktail or set a glass upon a bar. The grocers would sell more potatos, and the butcher more beef, for the money absorbed from workingmen for beer and whisky would go into these not-to-be-despised articles, and the shoemakers would certainly have more work, for there would be fewer barefooted women and children.

As to the emptying of 15,000 places of business is it not reasonable to hope that with the increased trade in dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes and clothing, resulting from the stoppage of the sale of liquor, all these places and more would be needed to accommodate the public with these goods? It is true these various occupations are not so important as beer-selling, at least they have never attempted to control the State, but they do pay rent, and a capitalist would as soon have a dry goods store in his building as a beer saloon. Capital does not inquire who pays rent, so the rent is paid.

And likewise as to the horrible statement that 6,000,000 bushels of barley would have no market. In this event, as there is no law to compel him to grow barley, the farmer would not grow barley. There would be such an increase in the demand for potatos, and meat, and bread, that he would find it to his interest to quit barley altogether and grow other grains.

The next statement is to the effect that if the sale of beer and whisky be pro hibited there would be no way of disposing of crops, and the farmer would have no money with which to purchase silks and pianos for his daughters, and they would therefore be compelled to fall back upon home-spun fabrics of their own weaving, and the farmer would not ride to market in his carriage, "but would toil wearily to mill with the divided bag of grist laid across the plow horse and live frugally every day."

This is a gloomy picture but somehow experience does not exactly justify it. It happens to be the fact that the farmer whose daughters have pianos, and who rides in his own carriage, is the one who never by any chance drinks a drop of anything. It is true the farmer who does drink does not take his divided grist on a plow-horse for a very good reason:—he never has a grist nor a plow-horse to put it on. What should furnish the grist and the horse to carry it on, goes into the till of the man who supplies him with drink. The liquor-man has the horse, grist and all.

The summing-up of this manifesto is that a great many persons are employed in making and selling stimulants and to interfere with their business would be a public calamity. Whether interfering with business is a calamity or not depends very much upon the style of the business. If it be a business that adds to the wealth of the community, interference is a calamity. If it be a business that absorbs the wealth of a community and gives no return, it is no calamity. If it be a business that takes the wages of the laborer and compels his wife and children to go hungry, naked and barefooted, anything that will worry that business is good. If it be a business that fills the poorhouses and jails, that is the parent of nine-tenths of the crime and almost all the pauperism, anything that cripples it is good. True, the liquor interest adds to the census report just the number of names included in it, but this is the question which the citizens are asking themselves, "In view of the taxation they make us and the general demoralization of society incident to their calling, can we afford the luxury? As they are not useful, are they sufficiently ornamental to make it worth our while to bother with them?"

The point to this appeal is in the concluding paragraph:

The Republican party is responsible for the attempt to saddle these unjust measures upon the people of Ohio. Defeat both the amendments and the party that invented them, and your rights will be safe.

Further comment is unnecessary. If anything was needed to satisfy any one that the Democratic party had sold out to the liquor interest, body and soul, this absurd document is sufficient. What the liquor interest demands is the defeat of the Republican party.

"LIBERALIZING THE PARTY."

The work which Sen. WARNER MILLER, of New York, has set himself to do, and his proposed method of doing which is now receiving a great deal of discussion by the New York press, is to take the party out of the rings which have controlled it in that State and popularize its management by giving it more into the hands of the men who vote its ticket.

Sen. MILLER'S method has the merit of simplicity and apparent reasonableness, if nothing else.

In brief he would make the State Conventions four or five times as large as they are now—say of 2,000 delegates, at least. He would give each Town, Ward or voting Precinct at least one delegate, which would make about 1,500 to begin with, and then add another 500 to distribute around to Towns, Wards, etc., having an unusually heavy Republican vote. He would select these by caucuses held all over the State on the same day. In convention the delegates are to group themselves into Counties, with a Chairman, to announce their votes, and the Convention is to be polled by taking the vote by Counties.

Sen. MILLER says:

My own experience tells me that Republicans have lost in a large degree the interest they used to show when the party was younger and freer in its political action. I believe that Republicans would come to the caucuses now if they could come with the certainty that their votes would count and have the proper influence in the secondary proceedings of the party. They are perfectly well aware that results are now controlled by combinations, by stratagems, and by machinery. Knowing this, they are indifferent. They have ceased to regard the party as one whose candidates and methods are made by themselves. We must devise something by which the people will be brought into more direct relations with the organization. If we can do that, if we can interest them in the primaries, there will be no trouble about their votes on election day.

He also believes that the same idea can be carried into the nomination of candidates:

Let the people vote directly for the candidates for any office; then let the candidate who receives the highest number of votes name his own delegates to the convention that makes the nomination. In County matters let the people, by a direct vote, instruct the delegates to the convention as to their choice of candidates for the several nominations to be made. It would put an end to wire-pulling, to chicanery, to intrigue, to corruption, to results achieved by methods which do not and cannot commend themselves to popular approval.

THINGS IN RUSSIA.

A report comes from London that on the day of his coronation the Czar rode through the streets of Moscow by proxy, an officer of the Imperial Guard cunningly impersonating him. This has a great flavor of improbability, to say the least, for nothing has yet occurred to show that ALEXANDER is such an arrant coward as this would prove him to be. To send a man in his place to what he believed was death, to compel, by his authority as Emperor, a subordinate to meet such peril would be showing the white feather to a degree that can hardly be believed of one who lives in constant danger from the Revolutionists and has never yet been forced into compromises beyond what he might have made under any circumstances.

Whether this story be true or not, it is certain that the Emperor has much to fear from the inerease of Nihilism in the army. Lately the superior officers by order, undertook a careful examination of the subordinate officers and the privates. The result was appalling. It was discovered that more teaching of republican principles was being done than of discipline. At last accounts 50 officers had been put under arrest, and many more would be if the commanders were true to their duty.

The Nihilists are working hard to gain added influence, particularly in the regiments stationed in and near St. Petersburg. This will give them an advantage in case of an attempted revolution, a greater one than they can obtain in any other way, and that this is their ultimate aim there is no question.

PROTECTED LINEN INDUSTRY.

In the series of articles upon the industries of Europe written for the New York *Tribune* by ROBERT J. PORTER comes one published in last Sunday's issue regarding the linen productions of Germany and Great Britain, which it would be well for the advocates of Free Trade to read and think about.

Bielefield is a German town and the center of the Westphalia linen trade, containing very extensive factories and bleaching fields. For centuries this place has been noted for this industry, and many of the flax-mills are exceedingly handsome structures. It is one of the most flourishing Towns in all Prussia, and it was for this reason that Mr. PORTER visited it in order to learn of the condition of its operatives. He found them generally living in comfortable houses and the majority receiving 22 marks—which is equal to $5.50—for 12 days work. A good many of them own their homes, while those who rent can obtain very comfortable quarters outside of the City limits for a sum equal to $45 or $50 a year.

So much for the condition of things there. The number of persons employed in this industry in Prussia is constantly increasing. While the Free Trade laws of Great Britain drove her linen products out of the market in other countries, her home market has constantly grown by protection until the production is fast assuming greater proportions than it has ever had in the past.

To compare it with the British industry. British operatives receive very nearly the same wages as those in Germany, although the purchasing power of a mark in Germany, so far as the necessities of life go, is greater than that of a shilling in Great Britain. Owing to the lowness of rent in Germany and the thrift of the operatives, joined to their careful looking after by the owners, they are in a much better condition in Prussia, especially in the district spoken of, than in England, Scotland and Ireland. Within the last 20 years, in the latter countries, 200,000 spindles have stopped, or over 18 per cent. of the whole number, 20,000 persons have been thrown out of employment, while the stock of some of the leading companies has fallen below par. This in a country which has enjoyed the blessings of Free Trade for so many years.

The United States has yet but a small number of persons—only about 5,000—employed in this industry, and yet the annual value of our flax production about equals the annual importation from England. The average wages here are about $5.50 per week, or more than twice as much as the operatives receive in Germany or Great Britain.

Mr. PORTER closes his article with the following summing up of this evidence of the shallowness of Free Trade promises relative to the advantages of foreign markets:

At the beginning of the present century Germany controlled the linen markets of the world. Crushed by a devastating war, at a period when the textile industries were rapidly changing from hand to power machinery, Great Britain steps in and completes the desolation by securing for Glasgow, Dundee, Belfast and Manchester the lion's share of the most profitable foreign trade. Nearer neighbors, like Bohemia and Belgium, seized the remainder. To Germany remained nothing but a home market, made profitable by protection. To the English mind, when the foreign trade was lost, the industry was ruined, and the decay of the once prosperous valleys of Silesia was depicted and contrasted with the glories of the industrial centers of England, by British travelers in Germany.

Half a century has now passed, and I take another glance at the linen industry. During this period Great Britain has held the foreign markets of the world. On the other hand Germany has quietly held its home market, getting a fair price for the goods. It has not been compelled, as Great Britain was, to sell annually more pounds of yarn and more yards of cloth for the same money.

Let English authorities tell the result.

During the last 20 years of this half century, according to English authorities, the linen industry of Germany has increased 300 per cent.

During the last 20 years, according to English authorities, the linen industry of Great Britain has decreased 18 per cent.

During the last 20 years the exports of linen goods from Germany have increased.

During the last 10 years, according to English official statistics, the exports of linen yarn have decreased steadily every year until they are less than half what they were a decade ago.

The shares of the 10 principal flax mills at Bielefeld are 20 and 22 per cent. above par, and the annual dividends on the capital invested vary from 8 to 15 per cent.

The shares of the 10 principal flax mills of Belfast, according to English authority, are 58 per cent. below par.

Germany, at the present time, gives employment to 200,000 persons in this industry, and Great Britain to about 150,000. After allowing for the difference in the purchasing power of a mark and a shilling, and the lowness of rent in Germany, the German operative is undoubtedly in a better condition than the British.

The practical legislation which in this case secured to Germany the home market in the long run has proved far more profitable, and added more to the stability of the industry, than the world's markets, with constantly decreasing profits and increasing competition, have to Great Britain. In all the sincerity of earnest conviction, I ask, can even intelligent Free Traders read the above industrial history, and not have their faith in the efficacy of foreign markets shaken?

FRENCH INSULT TO ALFONSO.

Last Saturday the King of Spain visited Paris and was insulted in a most unpardonable manner by the populace. The streets thru which he was to pass from the station were thronged with people, who immediately set up such a clamor upon his appearance as to completely drown the sound of the Spanish National Anthem which the band was playing. Insulting cries directed against him filled the air, and the passage was anything but pleasant.

Of course the Spanish people are filled with indignation at this treatment of their sovereign. The feeling against France is strong and bitter. It is with the utmost difficulty that violent demonstrations against the French Embassy were prevented. The quick apology of Pres. GREVY to the King did much to allay the indignation of himself and his friends in the Government, but it does not satisfy the common people. Meanwhile nothing would suit BISMARCK better than trouble between Spain and France, and that is well understood in the latter country. The outcome of the affair is not easily seen. The French Republic has already enough upon its hands without a war with its neighbor, and Spain is not in condition to fight merely for glory if it can be honorably avoided. The French papers are decided in their condemnation of the treatment of ALFONSO. Taken altogether, it is a most unfortunate affair.

PERSONS out of employment will do well to drop a postal card to "Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, Ohio." An agency for any of their publications is good paying property, and a postal card will bring you full particulars.

IT ISN'T wicked to issue a Sunday morning paper in St. Louis. At least the courts have so decided, and that will probably settle the matter so far as the publishers are concerned.

FOR THE LADIES.

Pres. Tyler's widow is at the Louise Home in Washington.

Vinnie Ream has added another baby to her family quire.

In 1880 there were 75 female and 64,0 male lawers in the United States.

The very latest fashion in dinner-plates square in shape, beautifully hand-paint

The Princess of Wales has set the fash for wearing natural flowers artificially dy to produce novel effects.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey and the Empr of Austria are the rival bidders for For thodes's 150 carat diamond.

In some parts of Russia it is believed th if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of t wedding her husband will not love her.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has been i tracting at the Milford, Conn., races, a batting fine cattle with her operatic hand the fair.

An elderly female twined her arms abo Henry Ward Beecher in California recent and planted one on his ruby lips before could get away.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey will remain in Par another Winter to perfect her French h pre returning to her native land to beg the study of English.

"And so, Miss Fuller, you think Mi Johnson did wrong to go the stage ights?" "Indeed I do. Why, her limb are as thin as pipe-stems."

"Dear me," said a good lady the oth vening, "how this craze for china is grow ng! Here's a New York club that is pay ng $3,000 for a pitcher."

Louisiana colored girls make dresses of of corn-husks. Their beaus make overcoat of corn, and as they wear them inside makes their voices husky.

The Count and Countess Linden, of Rus ia, who have shown many kindnesses t Americans abroad, are expected to spend month in Washington before the new year.

A St. Louis exchange says that Mrs. Sar oris, *nee* Nellie Grant, is at the country seat of her father-in-law, near Southamp on, where she was recently joined by her husband.

Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theater in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a violent perspiration. They took her home and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.

In Scandinavia, mothers take their in fants to church, closely swaddled and wrapped in the furs, and bury them in the snow drifts at the door, leaving little holes for the children to breathe through.

A St. Louis millinery firm pays a woman trimmer $1,800 a year. From what we know of the wiles of women agents, says the Boston *Courier* bachelor, she must be a rare drummer to command that salary.

A Pennsylvania lady, 93 years of age, milks, washes and bakes for a family of three persons. A great deal can be got out of old people if they are properly managed. Young people do not get half enough rest.

Mrs. Ralston, widow of the famous California banker, is living with her two sons at their new mining camp in California, where they are working hard and where they have erected a house for their mother.

Pretty ladies' maids have been the inno cent cause of so much domestic trouble, that a Philadelphia employment agent thinks of making a big strike for feminine patronage by advertising "Ugly girls a specialty."

A young miss of 16 asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of gentleman at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

"No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never had any children; I never liked children, you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the sea-shore. It's so stylish, you know."

A Chicago girl has tried the experiment of falling in love with a hostler, and has not proved an exception to the universal rule in such cases. From respectability and wealth she has fallen to infamy and disease, and lies at her happy home of one year ago a wreck.

Evidently the Empress of Japan does not hold a very high opinion of the virtues of the ladies in the empire. She has just ordered the chamberlain to prepare a list of all the faithful wives in the island in order that she may present them with a medal or badge of chastity.

A reporter interviewed the prize fat woman whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied, "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest large lady on exhibition."

A Denver wife grew very sick and the doctor said she must die. Her young and pretty nurse told the patient that she had been elected to succeed her in her husband's affections. The sick woman was so angry that she got well. She and her husband still live together, but never speak as they pass by.

A rancheress of Washoe Valley, Nev., has invented a novel method of preserving eggs for Winter use. During the Summer she breaks the eggs, pours the contents into bottles, which are tightly corked and sealed, and then placed in the cellar, neck down. She claims the contents of the bottle come out as fresh as when first put in.

A young lady reading in a newspaper the other day, of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss, called the attention of her father uncle, who was in the room, to that singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for. "What did she go crazy for?" archly returned the ingenious maiden. "Why, for more, I suppose!"

A Denver correspondent thus describes the second Mrs. Sen. Tabor: "A flabby blonde, about the medium hight, whose form may have been voluptuous once, but is now only fat; heavy eyes, which are half brazen, half appealing; a general air of weight and malapropism, and a hopeless suggestion of trying to fit into unaccustomed respectability, with little chance of success."

At a little hop recently given in New York were seven beautiful Polish maidens, the Misses Czartoryska, Dzialynska, Crehanowiecka, Poradowsky, Bielikowitz, Zamoysky. It is said that the beauty of the damsels, together with the funny effect of attempting to pronounce their names, so intoxicated the young men that they all had to be carried home on shutters before the evening was half spent.

Jules Lefebvre is to paint a large work for an American millionaire," the subject to be Lady Godiva. The moment chosen is that in which the Countess, surrounded by her maidens, is mounting her horse to set forth on her celebrated ride. One of her attendants is withdrawing from her shoulders a velvet-lined mantle, against whose rich texture the nude and lovely form stands out in full relief. The face of Godiva "full of chaste heroism and noble resolve," is said to be exquisite though the picture is as yet a sketch.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

When Henry Irving plays at the Boston Theater Edwin Booth will be opposed to him at the Globe.

Mr. Solomon's new opera, "Captain Kidd," produced at Liverpool, is pronounced a failure. The composer probably imitated his hero and "pirated" the music.

Wachtel's two sons inherit their father's talent for music. The elder, August, has just made his debut at Kroll's theater, Berlin, while Ferdinand, the younger, has been before the public for several months.

The following are said to be some of the salaries which Mr. Abbey pays to members of his company: Nilsson, $2,000 a performance; Mme. Sembrich, $1,500 per night; Scalchi, $500, or $5,000 per month; Trebolli, $6,000; Valleria, $4,000; Signor Stagno, $2,000 per month.

Mrs. Langtry has booked a passage for New York in the maiden voyage of the new steamer "Oregon" next month. In addition to playing in New York and through the Dominion, the Jersey Lily intends wooing the miners of Denver and the saints of Salt Lake City. Thence she proceeds to Australia, via San Francisco.

It will be remembered that the trial of the brothers Peltzer furnished the subject of a play, and that Madam Peltzer instituted an action at law against its author Now word comes from Vienna that the trial of Tisza-Eszlar has also inspired one of the dramatic authors of Hungary, and that one of the theaters of that country will produce a drama entitled "Esther Solymossi; or, The Crime of Tisza-Eszlar."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons lives in England, and it was said that she had withdrawn permanently from the stage, but there are now rumors that she is about to "star" through Germany. She has adopted as her son, under act of Parliament, the boy musician, Henry Stephen Walker, who was with the Scott-Siddonses in this country several years ago, and attracted attention by his remarkably fine piano playing. He has since been educated for the harp at the Woolwich School, but of late has shown renewed interest in music and in original composition.

A RATTLING FIGHT.

A Contest Between a Rattlesn and a Rat, in Which the For Kills the Latter.

The terms offered by the Chinese Government to France are such that it hardly seems possible the latter will accept them. In fact, if there is to be anything like a peaceful state of things between the two countries she cannot do so, unless she at once and forever gives up all hope of any political and commercial supremacy in the East. It would be to yield to China every point for which she has been contending, and it would be exceedingly hard to obtain her present vantage ground again. What she should have done was to accept the Bouree treaty, which merely called for a nominal recognition of Chinese supremacy and the formation of a very narrow neutral zone on the northern border, but which in reality would have given France the real power that she desires. It was a great mistake now past rectifying.

China now proposes to France her annexation of the inland and southern provinces of Anpam with as much of Tonquin as lies west and south of the Red River, China herself taking the remainder of Tonquin. This would give the Chinese Government the control of the Red River, and enable it to prevent its opening to foreign commerce. It would beside give to the Celestials the whole of the fertile and populous Song-koi delta where is produced great quantities of rice and opium. The part of Annam that France would get is still only partially civilized and could be of no real benefit, while the southern part of Tonquin and the coast strip on the east would be of little real value.

The French Minister makes a counter demand for the possession of the delta and the control of the navigation of the Red River. There the matter stands, and it is hard to see how the matter can be compromised satisfactorily to both parties, and so as to prevent future trouble.

A FABLE.

THE RAT AND THE CHEESE.

There was once a Sleek old Rat, who had worn himself Gray by Long and Hard work, gnawing a Hole into the Pantry, where all the Food was Kept. When he got the Hole done he would Sit in it all Day long, and shriek:

"The Cats are eating all the Cheese in the Pantry! The Cats must go."

The Simple-hearted Man of the House could never Find any Marks of the Cats' Teeth or Claws on the Cheese, but he thought that what was Said so Often must be True, so he Drove all the Cats away.

When the Man of the House came into the Pantry the next Day, he found that the Bad old Rat had eaten a Hole clear through the Cheese and destroyed more in a Night than all the Cats in the County would in a year.

MORAL: A Democratic "Reformer" is no More to be Trusted within Arm's length of the Taxpayer's money than a full-grown Norway Rat is to be put in charge of a Western Reserve Cheese.

A COLDWATER, MICH., man has at length discovered the proper way of dealing with wives who run off with handsomer men. His wife left him for a photographer, and when he found them together in New York, instead of shooting one or both of them and then blowing his own brains out, merely said to her:

All I came on here for was to see whether this man could give you a good living, and if he could I intended to take you away from him. After looking him over, I see that he'll have pretty hard scratching to get you enough to eat and wear, and so I'll leave you with him, because it will serve you right.

And he went back home, without putting the authorities to the trouble of inquests and investigations.

THE Custom House officials at New York have come to the conclusion that the dressmakers of this country have gone into smuggling as a business, and the seizures they have made during the past month seems to prove their belief well founded. On Monday 27 trunks were seized, and dutiable goods valued at $50,000 found in them, the owners having made the customary oath that they had nothing dutiable. There is always a desire on the part of returning tourists to do a little harmless smuggling, and they usually do it successfully. But this was carrying the matter to extremes, and the authorities did right in placing the owners of the trunks under arrest for examinations.

THE Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE have not won the love of the Canadians to any great degree. Even the fact of having a daughter of the Queen living among them has not served to make them overlook the perpetual snubbing she has treated them to. Perhaps this will not prevent national pleasure with the souvenirs they are to leave behind them, in the shape of a painting and a book, the former done by LOUISE'S own hand, and the latter the emanation from her husband's pen.

EVERYBODY in Springfield, Mass., is crazy just now on the subject of bicycling, and any one who does not ride a "bike" or a "trike" is beneath the notice of the best citizens. The natty costume worn by the members of the various clubs have proved so popular that pantaloons have been discarded and knickerbockers have taken their place. The ladies are dote on the uniform and are, really, at the bottom of the dress reform inaugurated by the bicyclist of the City.

MR. SHAW, the English missionary at Madagascar who, with his wife, was so brutally treated by the French Admiral, has been recently interviewed by a New York *Herald* correspondent. He says that at one time a collision between the French and English was imminent, but he believes the danger to have passed now. The American interests in Tamatane he believes now to be more valuable than either of the Nations above mentioned.

SITTING BULL'S troubles multiply. Convicted of his sins and desirous of entering into the Catholic Church, he is now tossed on the waves of uncertainty as to which of his two wives he shall give up, in order to be received. This want of decision is not confined to SITTING BULL.

LOOK at the printed address on your paper, see when your time expires, and renew just before the expiration. A complete file of the WEEKLY BLADE will be worth many times its cost 10 years from now.

CUR... OF FISH-CULTURE

Snow fell heavily for five ... the Finny day morning throughout Minne... ted Ex- "Jay-Eye-See," the Wisconsin wonde., defeated "St. Julien" on Saturday in straight heats. Time, 2:20¼, 2:18¼, 2:19. ——The revenues of the Dominion of Canada for the past year were $35,888,884, and the expenses of the government $38,805,239, leaving a surplus of $7,083,105, exclusive of the amounts received from the sale of lands in the Northwest Territories.——The third wedding in St. Paul's Church, London, since 1758, took place Thursday, a daughter of the Lord Mayor being united to Mr. Aitken. The grand bell was rung for the first time for a marriage. Three h

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A Crockery Fight—The Italian Colony—Other Notes of Metropolitan Life.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1883.

The great tea firms have stirred up a hornet's nest that will make things pretty lively before long. The trouble originated in the gift scheme started about eight years ago by an Eighth avenue dealer in tea and coffee. This enterprising individual gave each customer who bought a pound of tea some useful article of glassware or crockery. The idea took at once, and his trade grew so enormously that the other dealers had to adopt the same plan to protect themselves. Then it spread, and now the system is in vogue all over the country. At first the tea men bought their goods and vast quantities of them too of the City jobbers, who had a boom for awhile. Then trade fell off very rapidly, and upon inquiry they found that the potteries were selling directly to the tea sellers on the same terms they themselves had. They protested against what they called unfair dealing, but the pottery men kept right on, and now the jobbers are going to try a little boycotting. They have held a meeting, over 100 million dollars of capital being represented, at which they unanimously adopted a resolution declaring that they will protect their interests as far as they can by refusing their patronage as far as possible to the manufacturers who solicit other than the legitimate trade. This resolution was sent to all the pottery men, but as yet they have taken no action upon it.

VANDERBILT'S PICTURES.

A great sensation has been caused in art circles over the news that Vanderbilt has bought a whole gallery of old masters and will soon have the entire lot safely housed away in his great mansion. The pictures formed the famous collection of Sir Philip Miles, of Bristol, England, one of the finest private collections in Europe. It consists of representative works by such masters as Raphael, Angelo, Leonardo, Titian and Correggio, with a number of pieces by the lesser masters. Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, paid over two million dollars for the lot. He now owns the finest collection of pictures in America.

A SINGULAR CASE.

All Brooklyn has been torn up for the past few days over the mysterious disappearance of a wealthy lady named Mrs. Elvira Morton, who left her home one day while her husband was away, to go to New York to pay for some stocks which her husband had bought. She drew $3,000 to do this, and then was not seen again. After a couple of days' absence, her son wrote to all their friends about the matter, the police were notified and a reward of $500 offered by the young man for any information of his mother. The next day after the reward was offered, Mrs. Morton walked into her house and said simply that she had been visiting a friend in Jersey City. Mr. Morton, jr., had all his worry for nothing, and Mrs. M. will claim the reward. The police are just a trifle angry at having been obliged to go to so much useless trouble.

MARINES IN EMBRYO.

During the past three months 2,836 brave lads presented themselves on board the training ship "Minnesota," and expressed a desire to join our great and only navy. Of this number only 1,119 were accepted. When the time came, however, only 670 of these enlisted, the others having failed to secure the consent of their parents, or had no one to vouch for them.

THE ITALIAN COLONY

Is growing very rapidly and unfortunately the later comers are not very desirable additions to our citizens. When he first lands the Italian immigrant is taken charge of by one who has been over some time and knows the City pretty well. By him he is assigned a certain part of the City to pick rags, and he is put right to work too. They live in Mulberry, Crosby and Baxter streets, in the most densely populated portion of the City. It is more expensive than gas, and the iron posts which are used to lift the lamps 250 feet above the surface of the ground are also expensive.

I notice that the Edison light is in use in some of the stores, and that it seems to be a success. The light is not so intense as that of the Brush light and is well adapted for the lighting of houses. There seems to be no good reason why the new light should not supplant the old, and in this City the gas companies have had the discretion to make a great reduction in their rates in view of the coming revolution. It is said that gas can be advantageously used for cooking and heating and that in the near future it will be largely used for these purposes.

A ride along Euclid avenue and thence to Lakeview Cemetery is one of rare beauty and interest and appears to be growing more and more into favor. The new cemetery is fortunately located, and its monuments and tombs indicate the wealth and taste of the City and of the age. On the day that I visited the cemetery a soldier with his gun at a shoulder was marching back and forth before the tomb which contains the remains of the late President. But this body is not destined to continue long in its present resting place. A very large piece of ground—an acre or more as I was told, has been selected on a sightly and eligible locality overlooking the distant lake where the great monument is to be erected. Workmen are now engaged in grading the ground, and it will be ultimately surrounded with a circular way which will be the favorite drive of those who visit this beautiful City of the dead. The Woodland Cemetery is nearer the City and is also a large attraction to visitors and strangers.

Cleveland increases rapidly in population and its growth seems to be solid and substantial; but those who ride through its shady streets, with their grass-clad, parky aspect, and their villa residences, little dream of the great driving wheel of business located on the river by which it is run. You have noticed that one of its wealthy business men has sent in his check to the Women's Temperance Union for $10,000, giving them this considerable hint that they may go ahead.

The Democrats seem to have the fates against them, and with Hoadly sick and away, the saloons bring a millstone around their neck, a villainous set of State Prison birds in nomination for the local offices, and the women at work bringing every body to the polls, their chances seem to be particularly cloudy. We shall soon see. BUCKEYE.

Judge Black's Loyalty.

HUNLOCK'S CREEK, Pa., Sept. 19, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The death of Judge Jeremiah S. Black, formerly of Pres. Buchanan's Cabinet, brings vividly before the mind many incidents of the war period. It may be true that at such times some men are misunderstood, and that, sometimes, injustice is done them. "Say nothing but good of the dead," though tainted with sentimentalism, is of transcendent importance. Many men are now trying to establish Black's loyalty in the fearfully inmergent times when our country needed true men in high places. Viewing Judge Black upon the high pinnacle on which many place him, it is not possible to suppose he would have us hide one of his own acts, hence I may relate an incident which occurred after the war, though it shatters our faith in Judge Black's loyalty. In common with thousands of my comrades who spent years under shelter tents, dreading less the coming battle than the present storm, we learned to regard as an essential part of the regular rations the whisky dispensed with the coffee. We have found more and more into favor. The new cemetery is fortunately located, and its monuments and tombs indicate the wealth and taste of the City and of the age. On the day that I visited the cemetery a soldier with his gun at a shoulder was marching back and forth before the tomb which contains the remains of the late President. But this body is not destined to continue long in its present resting place. A very large piece of ground—an acre or more as I was told, has been selected on a sightly and eligible locality overlooking the distant lake where the great monument is to be erected. Workmen are now engaged in grading the ground, and it will be ultimately surrounded with a circular way which will be the favorite drive of those who visit this beautiful City of the dead. The Woodland Cemetery is nearer the City and is also a large attraction to visitors and strangers.

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As a soldier who fought it out in the ranks I entertain none but friendly feelings for those who fought bravely in the ranks against me, and would that I had no impression unfavorable to the fealty of any Pennsylvanian. Judge Black's silence when he should have spoken with his great power for the Union, establishes the belief in his unfriendliness, and an incident occurring after the war, and which I will relate, confirms the belief that his heart was not in the Union and the Union only as they were construed under the pro-slavery regime. The incident alluded to is this, and it occurred a few weeks prior to the first session of Congress after Andrew Johnson became President—at a time when the palpitating, loyal North was grasping every utterance from the new President to assure them that he was, indeed, the Moses he professed to be.

A young attorney of Wilkesbarre—since become prominent in Luzerne politics, was taking a late supper at the Merchants, in Philadelphia, when he noticed a personage at an adjoining table to whom great homage was paid by the several gentlemen who called while he was yet dining. When a waiter asked, "Well, Judge, what are you going to do for us at Washington this Winter?" what was the young attorney's surprise at hearing the Judge, after resting his elbow upon the table, and his chin upon his hands, answer: "I will tell you. We are going down to Washington; we are going to gather around the President; we are going to tell him to be the greatest man of the age, and that his opportunities are equaled only by his patriotism, and, I tell you, if Andrew Johnson is susceptible to such influences, the Rebellion is not dead yet."

The distinguished personage who uttered these words, and thus revealed the key to his loyalty, was Judge Jeremiah S. Black, ex-member of the Cabinet of the impotent Buchanan, whose tarnished character the milk-and-water George Ticknor Curtiss is vainly trying to burnish.

A few weeks later Congress assembled. Judge Black came to be known as Johnson's confidential adviser and the power behind the throne. The President declared "My Policy," broke faith with those who elected him and joined hands with the ex-Rebels, all of which resulted in years of contention and much greater danger to our institutions than many know of. Then it is little doubt that Judge Black plied Johnson with his arts of flattery, that Johnson was susceptible to its influences, and, for the time being, "the rebellion was not dead yet."

RESERVE.

Orange Hights, Fla.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

APOPKA, Orange Co., Fla., Sept. 17.

This is as healthy a section as any in the State, with plenty of good and pure water as can be found. Orange Hights is situated on the northeast side of Lake Apopka, the second largest Lake on the Peninsula. The map shows it to be the highest point of the Peninsula, as four rivers head near and a portion of them from the Lake running South, East, West and North. We have good lands, both pine and hammock, which produce good crops and also all the tropical fruits. We have some as fine orange groves as there are in the country. I think if a man can't succeed here he can't anywhere. This is the country for the poor man as well as for the rich, and with patience and perseverance the poor man will soon be rich. This is the place for the invalid to come to find health. As for climate, the world can't beat this. I have been here 10 years and have got to see the first case of diftheria, pneumonia or typhoid fever, and have not seen but three cases of chills and they were all caused from exposure. Some want to know if they can make a living while their groves are coming. We can raise all kinds of vegetables and have them in the North-ern markets sooner than at the South, and can have them the year round. You can make from $300 to $800 to the acre and some say they can make more.

A. P. HARRIS.

The best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain and muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. E. CRITTENTON, New York.

The New Amusement—The Roller Coaster—The Cutest Notion and the Greatest Success of the Century.

Several years ago, Mr. Alanson Wood, a mechanic and contractor of Toledo, O., conceived the idea of an appliance for coasting, or as the boys used to call it, "Ridin' down hill," in the Summer time, when snow is not available.

Everybody remembers the old pastime of riding down hill. Everybody remembers the delight of his sled, the sharp steel-shod sled on which he cast himself recklessly on the top of a high hill, lying flat upon his abdomen, steering the vehicle with his toes, and the exhilerating slide down the long steep hill, the track as smooth as glass. Likewise everybody remember the double sled which would carry two, the boy and his favorite girl, of the rush down the hill so rapid that even to kiss the girl in transit was impossible.

There was nothing in life so exciting as riding down hill. There's the snow, the sled, steel-shod, made as light as consistent with strength and staunchness. There was the start, the slow motion to begin with, the rapid flight as the descent became more acute and the law of gravity began to assert itself, there was the anxious look behind for the rival sled, for boys were as proud of the speed of their sleds as men now are as to the speed of trotting horses, there was the urging with the toe, for as fast as it was going it could be made by management to go faster, there was the lightning-like descent, the skill in steering so as to keep as near the inside of a curve as possible and lose no inch of length unnecessarily, and when the bottom of the hill was reached and the road stretched off into a long level, there was the anxiety as to how far out upon this level the momentum would carry it. There were great differences in sleds. One sled would make better time down the hill, while another would carry, as you may say, rods farther than the faster one.

The writer hereof, in good old Cortland County, N. Y., was wont, in his boyhood, to enjoy a ride down a straight hill, two and a half miles from top to bottom, with a good half mile of level road at the finish. Clad in sheep's grey, with well tallowed boots, that two miles and a half up-hill was cheerfully walked many a time in the cold, bright moonlight for the sake of the bird-like flight downward. If was this exercise which enabled him in after years to bear the wear and tear of newspaper life, probably.

This was great fun, but it had its drawbacks. The slide down the hill was delightful, but to repeat you must needs walk up the hill again, and it was a question, a very serious one, whether the fun of gliding down the hill compensated for the walking back. As it was rather trying on the stout and stubbed boy, what must it have been for the girl? Her liking for the boy was all that sustained her.

Another drawback to this amusement was, it could only be indulged in when there was snow on the ground, and that in right quantities and conditions.

Mr. Wood, who evidently had been fond of "sliding down hill" when a boy, conceived the idea of making the amusement possible at all times of the year, and of doing away with the tedious dragging one's self up the hill after the exhilerating ride down. It was a very simple thing to conceive, but a very difficult thing to carry out. But he did it.

First, he substituted wheels for runners, and a railroad track for snow. Then he made a car that would hold as many as might be desirable, up to 20, say, with comfortable seats, and under the carriage body he placed two trucks, the wheels being flanged the same as railroad wheels. He built a track, 500 feet in length, both ends of which were elevated 21 feet, and he made the descent very rapid for about 200 feet, the grade growing less and less, till finally it became level, then a gradual ascent till it struck the rising grade of the other end, where it was, as, at the beginning, 21 feet high.

Now a car running down a grade 21 feet, will, by its own momentum, rise at the other end 17 feet, and were the car loaded and run down the 21 foot grade it would stop when within 17 feet of the other end, and run back, and then back again, losing a few feet each time, till it would finally stop at the lowest point on the level. Mr. Wood provided for that by putting a man 17 feet from the end, who, when the car reaches that point, gently shoves it up the level summit, and their runs it back again, to be caught in the same way at the other end.

For this ride the proprietor of the Roller Coaster charges a small fee, say two for five cents, or whatever his love of money and the temper of the public will stand.

The Roller Coaster has been the greatest success in the way of amusement that has been before the American public for years. Physicians recomment it as an exhilerant and invigorant, as the following testimonial from the most eminent physicians of Toledo of Toledo testifies:

TOLEDO, O., Sept. — 1883.

From personal experience and observation we recommend the use of the ROLLER COASTER, for a large class of invalids, not only as a means of giving a healthful and agreeable recreation, but as furnishing one of the best means of diverting the attention of the individual from morbid feelings and gloomy thoughts

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Children flock to it by the thousand, and grave men and women renew the amusements of their youth on the rapid car.

It is absolutely safe, no accident can occur, it is very cheap amusement and yet it aggregates very largely for the proprietors. One has been in operation in Toledo all the last Summer and the daily receipts have never been less than from $35 to $100 a day, and during three days of the Tri-State Fair the enormous sum, for such a business, of $1,200 was realized. Enclosed, it will be in operation all Winter, and will be the merriest place in the City.

Mr. Wood, the inventor and patentee, has given the matter much time, he has worked out the idea faithfully, and has made a complete success of it. We are glad to know that he is realizing all he desires for his invention. The territory for the country is being very rapidly taken, for there has been nothing brought before the public so easily managed that brings such certain results. The right to the Roller Coaster for one Ward in Chicago sold for $1,000, and the same price was obtained for one Ward in St. Louis. From every part of the country enquiries are coming in to him and his partners by the thousands.

It is one of those lucky thoughts well worked out and taken hold of boldly that make men's fortunes.

It affords a cheap pleasure, healthful amusement, not only to grown children but those of larger growth. It is not a mere epehmeral thing, as are so many novelties, as boys and men indulge in coasting on snow now the same as they did an hundred years ago, so the roller-coaster has for its best patrons to-day those who were the first to try it. It grows by usage.

The time is very close at hand when it will be in use in every County in the United States, and every Village will have its roller-coaster.

J. A. Cahoon, Toledo, O., will answer all letters of inquiry concerning the new roller-coaster. He desires correspondence from at least one good man in every County in the United States.

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One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to
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The Best and Safest Investment Offered

WOODS' PATENT ROLLER COASTER.

"Ridin' Down Hill" Without Snow!

This invention of Alanson Wood, of Toledo, Ohio, is now offered to all who desire a certain, safe and very profitable business. The Roller Coaster is sure of steady and large patronage, and wherever erected in any County or City has a certain thing for large money.

The average receipts of the Roller Coaster in Toledo during the Summer of 1883 were from $25 to $100 per day. Only two men are required to manage it. It can be put up anywhere, and operated without trouble.

There is big money in it, as has been demonstrated at over 100 points this Summer in all sorts of places.

For full particulars address
J. A. CAHOON, Toledo, O.

TO LADIES

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Patients treated successfully at their homes. Send for treatise, home testimony, etc.
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N. B.—Correspondence solicited with those who have tried supposed remedies without substantial benefit.

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References:—Hon. G. H. Guy; M. C., Washington, D. C.; Hon. C. Griffin, Supt. Texas and Pacific R. R.; Stage Co., Tucson, A. T.; A. Mason, Supt. Pinal Con. Mining Co., Florence, A. T.; Wm. E. Gould, Postmaster, Florence, A. T.; A. Vinton, Cashier Pinal Co. Bank, Pinal, A. T. Address all communications to
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TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourselves!

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a wilful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcott, Manager	$1,366,200
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	483,900
Paid to Louisiana State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. Carriere, President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	27,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchel, Cashier	8,300
Total paid as above	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,627,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

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G. T. Beauregard
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By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

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CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE	$75,000
1	do do	25,000
1	do do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF $5,000	10,000
5	do 2,000	10,000
10	do 1,000	10,000
100	do 500	50,000
100	do 200	20,000
300	do 100	30,000
500	do 50	25,000
1000	do 25	25,000
9	Approximation Prizes of $750	6,750
9	do do 500	4,500
9	do do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to	$285,500

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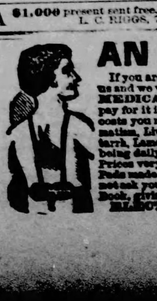

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SUMMERING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IV.

Sinking down upon the broad, flat rocks we gazed around us. On one side rose the mountain to still greater hights than that to which we had attained. Its bare, rocky peak seemed to look down defiantly as if to challenge us with a "I told you so. I knew you could not do it." It had been our plan to climb on up to the summit, and look from this dizzy point into the valley that nestled at its base on the other side. That was before we had made any trial of our ability in this particular line of physical exercise. Now we were content to sit quietly and dream of the Paradise that might be hidden by the rocky masses towering far above our heads. Away up, almost at the very top, we could see a little blotch upon the side, which was, "the medicine man" said, a mining claim and the prospectors were there at work. So near it seemed to the overhanging sky, that one could easily imagine that a little extra manual exertion might fling a handful of earth over its side arch into the unfathomable beyond. No doubt the heavens appeared far enough away from these delvers after the mountain's jealously hidden treasures. In fact, the heaven they were searching for was below them, and like everything else worth having, there was no royal road by which it could be reached.

The Sangre de Christo range is thought to be full of mineral, altho the discoveries there are quite recent and but little has been done in the way of development. Far down the mountain, we had passed the day before in sight of the Venzuela mine, now entirely owned and worked by Mr. Bassick, he of the famous Bassick mine, which is six miles in the other direction from Silver Cliff. Near to the Venzuela is the Tunnel, of even richer promise than the former, but not yet fully developed. Since the revival of mining interests the blazing fires of the prospectors multiply each night, looking as if the stars were falling by piecemeal upon the dark mountain sides.

To return. We were a subdued party. Gazing backward over the path we had come, our eyes rested first upon the top of the dark forest, out from the shadow of which we had climbed into the sunshine, and then followed it until it dwindled away as the distance increased, until the great trees were mere shrubs clothing the sides of the steeps that melted one into another, and finally lost themselves in the level of the beautiful valley below. The sight was a grand one, but it could arouse then no enthusiasm in hearts beating heavily with sheer exhaustion.

I feebly suggested that a little stimulant in water might be a good thing for some of our numbs. My feebleness was not the result of fatigue, but a feminine fear of being extinguished by objections. In fact, I had made the same suggestion when about two-thirds of the way up, but was rebuked by the solemn affirmation of the "medicine man," that it was not well to take any such helps while making physical exertion, but when that was over then was the opportune moment. I acquiesced, but felt just I did when I was made to believe that I *wanted* to ride that big black horse.

This time my proposition met with approval. The blanket in which it had been transported was unrolled and the bottle produced. Expectation rested upon every face. Let none of my readers be shocked. We were all temperate people, but there are extreme cases in which, as the old Deacon said, the "pbisikle gits the better hand of the trooly speeritule," and this was one of them. Steep principles vanished before aching limbs and dizzy heads. Anything to bring back departed strength and enable us to explore our surroundings. Water, clear and cold, was brought from the lake, and we anxiously awaited the elixir, which we imagined would, for the time, tbanish our woes. Suddenly a blank look overspread the "medicine man's" countenance.

We gazed while he slowly turned the bottle to an inverted position. The cork was gone; the vessel was empty. A shout of merriment went up as we realized the condition, a shout that sent the blood rushing through our veins and enabled us to devote ourselves to the crackers, cheese and boiled eggs which had been provided for the refreshment of the inner man. To this day the mystery of the empty flask remains unexplained, though the broncho's victim believes that animal to have been sharp enough to have poked his nose into the blanket, imbibed the contents which set him up in his fleshish business of tormenting her, and gave him the strength to carry it on until she took her unceremonious departure from his back. And she maintains this opinion in spite of Spoopdyke's assurance that the rough road jarred the cork out, and let the contents soak into the blanket, which, truth to tell, did give out a suspicious odor.

A big fire had been built, for though it was mid-day in August, the air was chilly at that height, and we sat or laid around it in true pioneer style, some of us being soon lost 'n dreamland. Two of our number, left to be cooked, went on for a further look, leaving the rest to amuse themselves after their own fashion. Presently heavy clouds rolled over the mountain tops, and resting there, flashed their lightning in our faces and rose their thunderbolts right merrily. You that have never been in such great solitudes among these giant heights in a thunder storm can have no conception of the grandeur that sounds can acquire as they are thrown, backwards and forwards from side to side, losing nothing in intensity, but rolling, muttering, growling, leaping "from peak to peak the rattling crags among" as if some live thing were pent up in the rocky barriers, and these were its mad efforts to escape.

Fortunately it did not rain where we were, but the clouds rolled on down into the valley, while the sun shone out above them, pronouncing a very benison upon our heads. Presently the two adventurers reappeared. They had reached the second lake when their hearts (or legs) gave out, and they returned to make ready for our descent to the camp below.

What a going down that was! In fancy and untried it would seem much easier than going up, but it is really so only in seeming. The difficulty was added to by the utter impossibility of going on without carrying with us a part of the mountain's wealth of glorious columbine blossoms, and we zigzagged from the trail constantly for that purpose. By and by repeated delays left two or three of us behind in the deep shadows of that grand old forest, the voices of our companions growing more and more distant, until they ceased altogether. It did not matter. Wrapped in our own thought we wandered on, stopping now and then to speak in soft, subdued tones, which would not be at variance with the sombre scene around, or paused to rest a while upon the fallen trunk of some aforetime monarch of the woods. It was then that I became thoroly conscious of the entire absence of birds with their cheerful twittering and their bursts of song. There was not so much as the fluttering of a wing, and in fact, both going and coming, no evidences were visible of animal life. That occasionally some wild beast wandered across the path we learned afterwards, but happily for our peace of mind we did not know it then.

Hopping along upon one foot much of the way—for in the final melee with the big black horse I lost one rubber and when that was restored to place found the other foot minus its protector also and no amount of searching brought it back again—leaping from point to point to avoid the wet places, I yet thoroly enjoyed the descent until a sudden turn brought us in sight of the rest of our party grouped about the horses and evidently awaiting our arrival.

A ghastly thought dawned upon my mind and I turned and looked at the broncho victim of the morning. Our eyes met. A defiant light leaped into hers that boded ill for the success of any effort to prove to her that she *wanted* to do what she had decided not to do.

Drawing near, our worst fears were realized. We were to ride. There was a set look in the faces of the two masculines who had remained to see us mounted and escort us down, that said plainly no trifling would be allowed. All of the feminines were in their assigned places, but the broncho victim and myself. True to the purpose I had seen in her eye, she stalked onward utterly oblivious to stern remonstrances, and followed the trail we were to take. I hesitated a moment and in that hesitation was lost. Mechanically climbing a log, for I was determined to attempt no more aerial flights, I waited for my horse. It was the broncho! I looked at him, he gazed back at me. Whether he saw blood in my eye, or was fatigued with former efforts, I know not, but his hilarity had subsided and with it his hind legs. He received me kindly on his back and ambled along an exceedingly well behaved animal.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and Home Decoration.

Baby-Carriage Wrap.—Get two squares of fine flannel, one of white the other of blue or pale rose-pink. Pink the edges of each one all around. Put a pretty vine, in outline stitch, upon the colored square, which is to be the lining. Let this follow the edge on the four sides. It should be not heavy, but very light and delicate. Then put the two pieces together and catch them with a row of feather-stitching about two inches from the edge. The effect is very pretty. Instead of the vine all around, a pretty design may be embroidered just above the feather-stitching, upon the side which will be turned over.

To Improve Nottingham Lace Curtains:—Many people have this kind of curtains and do not feel able to throw them aside, and yet are tired of them and desire a change. A little patience and industry can bring this about. If they have been washed and are very white, dip them into a weak solution of coffee. Stretch them upon the carpet until they are thorely dry. Then outline the heavy or thick figures with pretty colors chosen with care of silk or crewel or both if desired. The silk should be dipped in boiling water and dried before untying the skeins. If done with taste the effect is pretty and is not so much of a task as it seems at first thought.

Snow Crystal Etching.—Snow crystal etching, or "constellation work," is one of the new departures in art needlework. Although recently introduced, it is a great success, and much used at Summer watering places. The work is done with Dacca floss, a new material of English manufacture for etching purposes; the twist is different from ordinary etching silk, being barely perceptible. The material is sprinkled over with a variety of stars resembling snow crystals, in sizes from half an inch to three or four inches. The stitch used is called the Kensington outline stitch, and different colors are used, of different shades of the same color. This work is also offered in samples at embroidery stores at $3 to $5 each, and ladies who live where they have access to embroidery rooms, are taught at 75 cents per hour lessons.—LIBBIE RANSOM, Randall Reed, N. Y.

Knitted Lace.—Cast on 20 stitches. First row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 1; 3d row—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 4—k 3—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 4th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1; 5th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 5—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 6—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1; 7th row—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 7—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 8th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 8—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1; 9th row—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 14; 10th row—bind off 8 stitches—k 6—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1. Repeat from 1st row.—MRS. LIZZIE L. SPECK.

Lace Edging.—Cast on 9 stitches. First row—k 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—k 1. Second row—s 1—k rest plain. Third row—s 1—k 3—o—n—o—k 1. Fourth row—s 1—k rest plain. Fifth row—s 1—k 4—o—n—k 3—o—k 1. Sixth row—s 1—k rest plain. Seventh row—s 1—k rest plain. Eighth row—Bind off 3, and k rest plain. This leaves you with 9 stitches. Begin with first row. In this pattern "s" means slip.—M. E. C.

Correspondence.

WE ALL WEAR CLOAKS.—The first idea that enters the mind upon hearing the word cloak, is that of an outside garment, worn by ladies of this age. However, cloaks have been worn since time immemorial. A great Grecian philosopher (whose name I cannot remember on account of its length) had but one cloak, and upon tearing a rent in that one was obliged to remain in privacy until it was mended. The Pharisees of old wore long cloaks and upon them as a badge of their sanctity, the width of which determined their position in society. A second thought reminds us that it may be applied to anything under whose folds something is concealed.

In olden times, as at the present, cloaks were worn over men's actions to cover up their real sentiments. There can be no truer statement than that "we all wear cloaks." Our thoughts, our motives, our real characters, all are hidden. The cloak worn over and around our actions bears a striking resemblance to those worn as an article of dress. Some are dark, thick and heavy, others are large and of thin material. What a thick cloak of deception must that have been which Judas donned to cover up from the eyes of the apostles such a base, degraded heart as he possessed; also Arnold, the Judas of the Revolution. His must have been black and thick to turn traitor to his country in time of peril.

But cloaks of this kind are worn only by few. In every-day life there is a thin cloak of deception, which is worn quite gracefully and agreeably and is sometimes the means of doing good. Now can you not think of innumerable instances where people wear a smile on their countenances while their minds are disturbed with anxious thought, or their bodies racked with pain! We meets an acquaintance and bow and smile as though he was our dearest friend. We invite people to call for whom we care but little, or, may be, nothing. Indeed, such is our desire for many friends, that we entirely forget that one firm friend who understands and appreciates our virtues, and will help us overcome our faults, is worth myriads of bowing and scraping acquaintances, each clad in their own peculiar and impenetrable cloak. But one who deviates from fashion is necessarily unpopular, and the easy, good natured, good tempered creature is the general favorite, and wears gracefully a cloak that pleases all. How very true the words—

"Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things rule—mind, body and estate."

There is one Being, however, whom we cannot deceive. That is God. We may appear falsely to friends, but all things are known unto Him who rules heaven and earth.—MINNIE B, ESTABROOK, Raymond, Ill.

MORE ABOUT SERVANTS.—Well done "Poor Man's Wife!" Your sentiments about hired help are just right. I think you ought to use the adjective luck instead of poor in your *nom de plume*.

Thanks Miss "Wall Flower" for agreeing with me about servants. My dear "Mocking Bird," you mean well, but do you not think there would be more "modest, genteel girls" and less "rough, uncouth, ignorant" ones if they had a better chance?

I think there were some more that made mention of the subject, but they have gone from my memory, except Mrs. E. L. Doten. Did you not know that I meant the lady that really thinks that girls, who work out, are not good enough to eat with her family? Of course when it is necessary for some one to wait, in order to have the table properly attended, it is the girls place to do so. And certainly when she is too tired to enjoy company she would go to her own room. But she would go to sleep a happier girl, with better feelings, purer thoughts, and with more ambition to do well if she knew that she were welcome to join the rest if she liked; and that she is respected for what she is worth.

Now you see that so far we agree, but when you say "the girl's place is in the kitchen because she is heated working over the stove," we do not agree, and if you really think it her place to stay there, for such a reason, I suppose, under like circumstances, you do the same. Poor soul! I do pity you. I imagine it was at such a time that you tried to read my poor little harmless article. No wonder you did not understand it. It seems some excuse for you to even think that I said what none but the Evil One would ever suggest to anybody, and, as you do not have Mr. Spoopendyke to explain for you, it was no wonder that you felt strongly inclined to say something in reply to—POOR UNKNOWN.

DAKOTA PRAIRIES.—Perhaps some one of the HOUSEHOLD will compare my life with poor "Going," at least I hope they will, for I am another poor, silly girl that married when only 17; but very different from "Going." I am a happy wife. I have been married seven years and have two of the sweetest and best little children that ever lived. Of course we do not have every comfort here that we could wish for, but it will not be many years before we can live as we could in the East. We came here last Spring. This is our first season in Dakota. It is a lovely country, and we have fine crops on breaking. I am one of those women that work in the house and out of doors, but do not think for one moment that I neglect my household duties, for I never go out until my housework is all done.

Some will probably scoff and turn up their noses when I say I make the garden, help to plant corn and make hay, and really I enjoy it. When evening comes, and our work is done, I often saddle my horse, and take a ride across the prairie to one of my neighbors. My husband is always willing to take care of the little ones when I want to go. I often take the baby with me. She is two years old.

"Widow" will find in Douglas Co., Dakota, just the object of her ambitious desire. There are a few claims yet that may be homesteaded for the small sum of $14, or she can buy out a relinquishment with more or less improvements in a good neighborhood for from $100 to $200. The climate is splendid and the soil well adapted to all kinds of agriculture. As for men to work on shares, there are plenty waiting for such a chance, for this is the land of old bachelors and school marm's.

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SILK CULTURE.—When one has received a benefit, the least they can do is to return thanks, but if by doing so publicly they can do others good, "it not best to do so?" Actuated by such a motive I venture to write a few words in regard to Silk Culture.

Last Spring I read several articles in your paper in regard to this industry, and being of an inquiring turn of mind—what true daughter of Eve is not?—I wrote for Louisa Capsidall's Complete Guide to Silk Culture, and also subscribed for "Silk Culture," a magazine published by W. B. Smith & Co., 27 Bond street, New York. As a premium I received 1,000 silk worm eggs. I hatched them behind the kitchen stove. As fast as hatched I removed to an up-stairs room, and began to feed osage leaves. My worms grew like Jonah's gourd, so that at the end of 29 days they began to spin their coccons. I had by actual count 937 good ones, 89 inferior, gave a few away and a few died. I used all of my coccons for reproduction, and had four ounces of eggs from them. Part of the eggs I raised proved to be bivoltins, and I have again reaped a bountiful harvest of beautiful coccons. These last I raised on an old-fashioned dining-table in my boys' play-room. They seemed to grow used to the noise, and do well, even better than my first ones.

Anyone who has feed, a tolerably close room, corn-crib or stable-loft, the "Complete Guide to Silk Culture," and two or three ounces of perseverance can raise silk profitably.

Will it pay? Yes, if you don't expect it to pay too much. I would advise anyone disposed to try it to begin with 1,000 worms as a lesson. They will then have some idea what is required. Osage is a very good food. I really think the thorns are its only objectionable feature. There is a market for all the coccons that come to it through the New York Silk Exchange, which will either buy your coccons or sell them for you on commission. Knowing that the average American likes figures let us suppose: Coccons will yield at least one and a half pounds the thousand, and if you raise 160,000 (four ounces of eggs), you would have 240 pounds of coccons. These, at even 80 cents per pound, would amount to $120, a pretty good return for six weeks' work. I can, I am sure, make them average two pounds to the thousand, and I think I am safe in expecting double the price mentioned. Hoping that "Silk Culture" will yet reign Queen of industries, I am yours in silken ties.—MRS. DR. BALL, Prairieton, Vigo Co., Ind.

HANNAH BLODGET.—I am Miss Blodget. I never writ for a paper afore, and probably never would (bein' of a retirin' nater) but I seen your article on the Adam and Eve question, and I'm a readin' of the pieces writ by my sister sufferers, and I enjoy it. When evening comes, and our work is done, I often saddle my horse, and take a ride across the prairie to one of my neighbors. My husband is always willing to take care of the little ones when I want to go. I often take the baby with me. She is two years old.

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HANNAH BLODGET.—I am Miss Blodget. I never writ for a paper afore, and probably never would (bein' of a retirin' nater) but I seen your article on the Adam and Eve question, and I'm a readin' of the pieces writ by my sister sufferers, and I enjoy it. When evening comes, and our work is done, I often saddle my horse, and take a ride across the prairie to one of my neighbors. My husband is always willing to take care of the little ones when I want to go. I often take the baby with me. She is two years old.

"Widow" will find in Douglas Co., Dakota, just the object of her ambitious desire. There are a few claims yet that may be homesteaded for the small sum of $14, or she can buy out a relinquishment with more or less improvements in a good neighborhood for from $100 to $200. The climate is splendid and the soil well adapted to all kinds of agriculture. As for men to work on shares, there are plenty waiting for such a chance, for this is the land of old bachelors and school marm's.

I will say, any one wishing for more information of this beautiful country will readily receive it by enclosing stamp and addressing Box 10, Grand View, Douglas Co., D. T.—HAPPY MOTHER.

FROM MONTANA.—I want to tell "Mrs. M. A. Williams," of Miles City, Montana, that she had better see some more of this Territory before she condemns it all, and a few more of the "old taches," too. She must not judge the whole of Montana and its people by the few settlers in the Yellowstone country. It is only a few years since that portion of our fair territory was the home of the Indian and the buffalo, and now and then a hunter or trader.

Perhaps eight or nine years ago, if Mrs. W. had been living where Miles City now stands, she would have been very glad to have had the company and protection of some of those same "old baches" of whom she speaks so disparagingly. In the early days of Montana settlement there were no women. I can remember when there was not 50 women in the whole land, and I can also remember how they were treated. If they had been angels they could have received no greater homage.

Did Mrs. W. ever hear of an old-time mountain "bach" insulting a lady? Did she ever hear of any Montana man doing so, and if so, how often? Even to-day he would scarcely live to repeat the offense. So let us and our country down easy, and if she don't like it or us I suggest that she wander on where "far off fields look green."—MONTANA O.

A LITTLE OF MANY THINGS.—"Mollie B." Put enough lemon juice in some glycerine to taste sour and enough bay rum to thin it a little. It will not keep long. Any acid would do, I suppose, that will not stain or poison. When you are done washing, and at night, or whenever your hands feel rough, rub enough of this mixture on them, and on your nails and palms to thoroly moisten them. It will dry in a few minutes, if you don't use too much. It is also good to remove tan, but must be used only at night and washed off in the morning with very warm rain water. Do not scrub your face or hands with coarse towels or brushes. You must be more careful about tanning, while using it.

If the ladies who find washing hard work would have the wash-bench high enough to make the top of the tub reach almost to the elbows when standing erect, they would find more benefit than from patent soaps or fluids.

The lady who is troubled with her eyes will find alum curd cooling. Put a lump of alum the size of a hickory nut in a cup of sweet milk, and set on the stove until it forms a curd; place the curd between two linen cloths and lay it upon your eyes.

Is "16-17" the author of "Mrs. O'Togg's Supper Table Talk?" I like what she wrote last.

Will someone please mention some plants that will grow on the side of the house, where it is shaded by trees, and which will live out all winter; when and how to plant?

"Jack," Denison, Tex., I would like to recommend a dentifrice that I know is what you ought to have, but suppose the editor won't allow it. The next best thing is to use equal parts of camphor and borax, very often, upon your gums. Have a good, reliable dentist, not one of those traveling fellows, put your teeth in order, then brush them with a damp cloth and a little soap, after every meal, especially supper. The cloth is bitter while your gums are tender.

I think the "Tutor" who has the "bull-headed boys" ought to get into other business. The only way is to find out what point the boys do not understand, and kindly explain that (not the whole example) 99 times is necessary, and in as many different ways as you can study up. I have taught in 10 different schools, and I do not think it possible to do much with a child who knows you think him hopelessly dull or bad.—BLANK.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—"Discouraged," years ago, when I was younger than I now am, I had just such a time as you. I then thought, as you do now, that my parents were very unlike other children's parents, cuffed and scolded from morning till night. I was tired of my very existence, and consequently was only too glad to go when my father sent me to a boarding school. But no sooner were the faces of father and mother out of sight then I began to think that they were dearer to me than I had believed. Days, weeks, and months passed by, and I had forgotten all their harsh treatment. Their scolding seemed to me then as words of affection, and I longed for vacation when I should again see mother.

Then a letter from father told me "Mother is ill!" Mother sick? and a month more until vacation! Another letter, "Mother is worse, come home!" Oh! how long that day seemed; how slowly the hours went by; how the train seemed to creep along. But I was going home to mother, not that harsh, cruel, scolding mother, oh, no, but the dear, kind mother that she was.

Oh! I had a different opinion of her now. If she would but get well again. How I would atone for my past behavior.

The next morning the train pulled into the little Village. How my heart beat with joy and anxiety. I was near my home —"home of my childhood and mother." I ran up the little hill to my home. As I neared the gate, my heart fell within me. All seemed so still and deserted. No one coming to meet me. I rushed into the house, but the room was filled with strangers. One kind lady took me in her arms and kissed me. "Where is mother?" Then I noticed tears in her eyes. I looked around the room and saw others in tears. Some black stuff was hung over the mirrors. I was terrified at the spectacle and cried also. I asked again: "Where is mother?" Then the kind lady told me my mother was in Heaven.

Years rolled by and I reached my majority, and I prepared to leave my father's house. Wishing me farewell he said, "Remember that the door is open to you when ever you wish to return, in sickness or distress you know where to go." I bade him good bye, as I did mother. For the last time on earth did we part.

Since then I have wondered aimlessely, homeless and discoutented. Many a time I would gladly have returned home but that place was no more. "The home of my childhood" is occupied by strangers. The "home of my mother" is beyond the miseries of this world. Be it as it may "there is no place like home."—UNCLE RUBE, Nebraska City, Neb.

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HOP BITTERS.

A---Great---Problem.

TAKE ALL THE

KIDNEY & LIVER

Medicines,

BLOOD

PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC

Remedies,

DYSPEPSIA

And Indigestion Cures,

AGUE, FEVER

And Bilious Specifics,

BRAIN AND NERVE

Force Restorers,

GREAT HEALTH

Restorers.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World, and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure, when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who abovall other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants busy in her correspondence department, which daily pores in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not ill purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves many a pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1, per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and will be cheerfully given. No woman who has a desire for perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

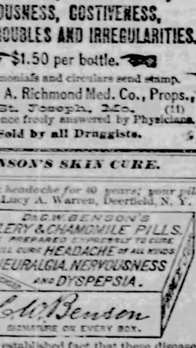
For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best of the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Pittsburgh, Pa. (3) Mrs. A. M. D.

SAMARITAN NERVINE.



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DR. W. BENSON'S CELERY & CHAMOMILE PILLS. ARE SPECIALLY TO CURE AND WILL CURE HEADACHE OF ALL KINDS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA.

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It is a fully established fact that these diseases can be cured in any case, no matter how obstinate.

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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CLAIMS and Horses Lost

Of Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, WASHINGTON, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended as reliable by Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics. Brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Sorghum Experiments at Washington.

Regarding the experimental work in sorghum of the Department of Agriculture, Prof. Wiley, chief chemist to the Department, is reported to have said to a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* that "two lines of experimentation are in view, of which the first—the process of diffusion—will begin as soon as the cane is ripe enough. The canes are cut diagonally into pieces an eighth or sixteenth of an inch in thickness, placed in vessels—we have 11 in our diffusion battery—and treated with warm water or steam. The water passes into one pan and to the other, and by the time it reaches the 11th it is saturated with sugar—stronger than the original juice of the plant, or nearly so. It doesn't contain quite so much sugar to the 100 parts as the original juice, but, by the process of diffusion the sugar has passed through—the non-crystalizable bodies—the gums, starches, etc.—remain behind. The result is a larger percentage of available sugar. The mills leave from 25 to 30 per cent. of the juice in the cane, while the process of diffusion takes it all out. In other words, there is a saving by this process of from 20 to 30 per cent. in the amount of sugar obtained from the plant."

"I am carrying on another line of experiments—a chemical process for the extraction of the sugar by combining it with barium, strontium and lime. The principle is this: Crystalizable sugar, when brought in contact with the hydrates of these metals in solution, forms an insoluble compound with them, while all the other matters—the gums and non-crystallizable portions—do not combine or form soluble compounds. If you allow the insoluble sugar compounds to stand they subside at the bottom, and you get a cake of sugar combined with these substances. This is put into a press and pressed dry. It can be kept as long as you please, and transported, without deterioration. When you wish to get the sugar out you put it into a box and beat it up with water till it forms a solution like the milk of lime. Then you pass carbonic acid into it. That unites with the metals, forming carbonates of the latter, and sets the sugar free. The sugar solution is concentrated in a vacuum pan and crystallized. By the way, I have come out of Chicago expressly to investigate an apparatus for the purification and concentration of the juice of the cane, known as the continuous vacuum pan, which is said to work very well. The great object in the working of northern sugar-cane is to put the process through as quickly as possible."

Starting Cuttings.

Professor Budd, in the *Iowa Homestead*, condemns the storing of cuttings in cellars, as ordinarily practiced, "in sand or earth just moist enough to preserve them in condition suitable for grafting, and thus they will fail to absorb the requisite moisture needed for changing the starch stored in the cell structure into sugar, and the base of the cuttings instead of callousing will be found a little blackened and the bark and cambium layer at the extreme base dead, or nearly so. If these cuttings are put out, the upper buds will start when the requisite heat is furnished by the sun, and exhaust all the stored nutriment in the cutting before a show of callousing or root is exhibited at the base. On the other hand, if the same cuttings were packed in sand in a corner of the cellar, or in shallow boxes with the base of the cuttings upward, and screened from the air by not more than two inches of sand, kept all the time moderately moist by sprinkling, every cutting will callous. When planted in the open air, such cuttings will emit roots before the top buds make much of a start, and with few failures, will make nice plants before Fall.

"But the commercial grower should not bother with ligneous cuttings in the cellar. It is far better to put them in a pit in the open air.

"Set the bundles upside down in a shallow pit on dry ground, as tightly together as they can be crowded. Cover over the top about five inches of earth, and as it grows cold cover the hole with fresh horse manure to mainly keep out frost. As the sun gains strength in the Spring, take off the manure and rake the earth fine and even. The sun heat will be found full sufficient to put up the buttons or the cuttings by the time the ground is ready to receive them. Treated in this way, the farmer can root the grape, the weigelia, the tree honeysuckle, several of the spireas, the catalpa, and a greater number of trees than he might suppose possible."

Nutritiveness of Rice.

The increase in the consumption of rice has lately attracted the attention of several men of science in Germany, and among other investigations, according to the *Lancet*, an attempt has been made by Prof. Voit, to discover the relative capacity which various forms of nourishment possess of being incorporated into the system. He has drawn up the following table of the percentage which remains in the body, and of that which leaves it:

	Percentage Incorporated.	Percentage which is not retained.
Meat	97.1	3
Rice	96.1	3.9
Beans	94.8	5.2
White bread	94.4	5.2
Maize	93.3	5.6
Potatos	90.7	9.3
Milk	88.9	11.1
Black bread	88.5	11.5

According to these results, the *Bremer Handelsblatt* remarks, meat and rice leave the smallest amount of residuum, and occasion the smallest excessive exertion to the digestion, and, in fact, introduce the minimum quality of ballast into the human frame. Dr. Konig, of Munster, considers that the fact of large masses of population living on rice is easily accounted for, and in summing up the information collected upon the subject, Professor Voit remarks that potatos, when consumed in excessive quantity, fail to nourish the frame effectively, make the blood watery and render the muscles weak. Apart from the subject dealt with in the table drawn up by Professor Voit, the question of the relative nutritive value of rice and potatos has been investigated by Dr. Konig, who is of the opinion that if similar quantities of both articles are compared, the former possesses four times the value of the latter in really nutritive quantities.

It is also remarked that the introduction of rice as a substitute for potatoes is facilitated by the fact that no such variation takes place in its quality as is the case with the potato, which is liable to be materially influenced by the effects of unfavorable weather.

Preserving Fruit in Glass Jars.

A California correspondent, who has great success in putting up fruit in glass jars, kindly gives, for the benefit of the world at large, her simple process by which fruit of many kinds may be preserved: In the first place she uses the Mason jar, with porcelain tops, and is always sure that the rubber rings are perfect. Peaches, pears and blackberries she makes just sweet enough to taste pleasantly, except the White Heart cling peach, which she preserves and pickles. For preserves or jam of any kind the rule is three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit used. Plums and apricots are made into preserves. Marmalade is also made of ripe apricots, with three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Fruit pies should not be made too sweet. Begin the process by placing a teacupful of water in the preserving kettle with the sugar. When the sugar is dissolved and the syrup is hot, lay in the fruit carefully and let it heat thoroughly all through, but not boil to pieces. At the same time have a glass jar ready standing on a plate in a pan of hot water on the stove, the jar full of hot water. Have also the cover and the rubber in hot water. When the fruit is ready, pour out the water and fill the jar immediately. When full, pass a silver spoon-handle down the sides of the jar to cause any bubbles to rise to the top, and add a little syrup if not quite full. Next screw on the top as tightly as you can and place the filled jars where they can stand until quite cold. Tighten the cover by screwing it several times while cooling. Finally store the fruit in a dark, cool, airy place. Fruit is often spoiled when put up in glass jars from exposure to the light.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

In the current issue of the American Agriculturist, Prof. Cook makes these seasonable suggestions: "The apiarist should prepare his bees for Winter as soon as the frost makes all further gathering of honey impossible. Examination will show whether there is sufficient honey stored to winter the bees. If the frames, just as they are taken from the hives, containing bees, honey and comb, weight 30 pounds in the aggregate, there is enough honey. If not good, thick honey, or thick syrup, made by dissolving granulated sugar, should be set at once, so that all cells may be capped over before the cold days in October check the labors of the hives. It is best that the honey be so abundant in the frames that we need not give the bees all the frames used in Summer. It is better to use not more than seven or eight Gallup or American frames, and not more than five or six Langstroth frames. These are confined by division boards. It is best to carefully exclude pollen. Frames of pollen are set aside, to be returned when breeding is resumed the succeeding Spring. The bees may easily change the position of the cluster in the cold days of Winter, and it is desirable to cut small holes the size of a thimble through the combs, an inch or two above the center. Cover above the bees with sacks of dry sawdust, which should be long enough to reach over the division-boards and to the bottom of the hive. These protect the bees from the extremes of heat and cold, and promote healthfulness. Thus prepared, the bees to be wintered in chaff hives on their Summer stands, will need no further care until the succeeding April. If the bees are placed in the cellar, they need not be touched again until just before Winter comes, when they are to be taken in."

Does it Pay to Cook Food for Hogs?

This question is often asked and variously answered. In my opinion the answer can be both yes and no. It will always depend somewhat upon the circumstances of the farmer. If he is so situated that he can conveniently do so, he will often find it profitable to cook food for his swine when his neighbor who can do so only at great inconvenience will not find it profitable. The cost of fuel is in most localities a small consideration; but in some, as in Nebraska, which I have just visited, it is quite an item and may, of itself, make the cooking of food unprofitable in many instances. I believe in giving hogs a great variety of food; and this variety may be increased by changing the form in which the food is given, as by cooking it. Turnips make a cheap, palatable and nutritious food, but they must be cooked. So should apples and potatos. Wheat is sometimes a cheaper food than corn; but it should always be cooked. So should rye and oats. Unless cooked, hogs fail to completely digest them. It is often a good plan to cook a feed or so of shelled corn to relieve the monotony of food. In cold weather the slop should be warmed. When taken into the stomach freezing cold it arrests digestion, impairs the digestive organs, and leads to internal disorders. It is not what an animal eats, but what it digests, that strengthens it; generally, cooking aids digestion—nothing more.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

A Simple Remedy for Ringbone.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following simple but effective remedy for ringbone: Take two or three quarts of strong cider vinegar and mix it with salt, adding from one-third to one-half as much urine, and stir all well together. If the vessel is of wood or earthenware, put in a small piece of iron to rust it (if iron, it will make rust enough). Tie a piece of cloth to a broom handle or any other long stick, and with this mop rub the mixture on the ringbone every morning and evening, using the "chamber lye" or urine freely. It will be some time before a cure will be effected, but keep on using it for six months if the ringbone has not disappeared sooner. Some may call this a simple or foolish remedy, but with it I cured ringbone on my horse that was so lame he couldn't trot for many rods after starting, and he would go on three legs for several steps after hitting a stone in traveling. After beginning the treatment it was six weeks before I noticed any improvement, and two months before I stopped the washing, but there has been no sign of a ringbone since three years ago.

Plow in Autumn for Onions.

A Massachusetts farmer says: "We deem it of the utmost importance that onion seed be sown in early Springtime, and it can usually be done a week or 10 days earlier when the ground is plowed in Autumn than when Spring plowing is the practice. Again, fineness and firmness of soil are essential to a quick germination of the seed, a healthy growth and perfect maturity of the plant. These two mechanical conditions of the soil differ so widely from each other that one is often secured at the expense of the other. We think the two can be brought to the highest degree of perfection by fall plowing upon a wide range of soil that is suitable for the onion crop. We have found in our experience the crop less liable to suffer from insect depredations and blight in any of its varied forms. The crop usually gets a more uniform stand, more even growth and more abundant harvest is the final result."

CONSISTENCY.

Do you refuse to accept the Latin prescriptions obtained from your family physician, and do you understand the effect of each article named? and the chemical change each may undergo when combined with another? Do you refuse to use "put-up" medicines simply because they do not know just how they are made, and because they are largely advertised. Why do you let such groundless objections debar you from useing a medicine that has cured your neighbor? Do not let your foolish prejudice keep you from obtaining a genuine good article, that is in use by thousands of the most intelligent people of this country.

Go to some good druggist and ask him what he knows of Hunt's Remedy, and he will tell you that it is the best kidney and liver medicine made, and one that has stood the test of time. Look over most any paper and you will find home testimonials of people living right in your own City who know whereof they speak. Below will be found some from residents of Dayton, Ohio. Their full names and addresses are given. Any one doubting the genuineness of them has the liberty of calling on or addressing them; and, as they say, they will be only too glad to tell their experience with and opinion of so valuable an article.

Charles L. Stake, No. 228 South Jefferson street, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1883, says: "I have been troubled for a number of years with a weakness of the kidneys and torpid liver, and have been at times a severe sufferer from the effects. I have doctored for it with many different medicines, all of them failed until recently. I was speaking of my case to one of our druggists here in Dayton (Mr. Latin); he recommended to me Hunt's Remedy, as he had sold a great deal of it here in Dayton, and it had done wonders for kidney troubles. I finally purchased a bottle and commenced using it according to directions, and found that the medicine was going to improve my condition. I had less pains in the loins and back, and gained strength and vigor. I continued its use until I had used twelve (12) bottles, and it has completely cured me, and I can only thank Hunt's Remedy for the good it has done me, and I most earnestly recommend it to others in need of a good kidney medicine of real merit."

Henry V. Houser, No. 202 North Broadway, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 14, 1883, says: "I have been troubled for about seven (7) years with a weakness of the kidneys and its attendant difficulties. I tried several medicines that were recommended for the cure of kidney troubles, but with only a temporary relief, if any, until I noticed the advertisement in one of our papers of the cures that Hunt's Remedy had made. I concluded to give it a trial. I purchased a bottle at Hoover's drug store and used it according to directions, and found it had benefitted me very much. I continued its use until I had used four bottles, and I can cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy as a good kidney medicine and one that has done all that is recommended for it, and I willingly give this for the benefit of others who may be suffering from a trouble similar to mine."

The following statement was made August 8, 1883, by Mr. John Washington, No. 241 Linden avenue, Dayton, Ohio, says: "About six months ago I was taken with kidney disease. It was with difficulty that I passed my water, and it was accompanied by a burning sensation and caused me great pain. My attention was called to Hunt's Remedy, the wonderful kidney and liver medicine. I purchased a bottle of it and used it as directed, and it has removed all the pain, and I can pass my water with perfect ease, and have had no trouble since. I consider myself cured, and cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to the public as the best kidney and liver medicine."

A Difference of Opinion—Gov. Butler and ex-Gov. Talbot.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Ex-Gov. Talbot, chairman of the State Board of Health and Charity, under date of the 21st inst., writes Gov. Butler, stating the latter's demand for certain cash books and ledger relating to the accounts of the superintendent of out-door poor, has been referred to him, and he (Talbot) declines to deliver them, because the Governor has no legal authority to demand them. Talbot also requests the return of 10 books of records of the Board, which the Governor got possession of some time ago and has since had several persons examining. Talbot protests against such ex-parte investigation. The superintendent of out-door poor should have opportunity for an explanation of his accounts, and the Board is disposed to encourage any investigation necessary. In fact, the Governor never replied to the request made of him by the Board last June, that he should present specific charges of misconduct of any officers of the Board. The Board is the proper body to investigate all charges, and any other method of procedure is unwarranted by law, in violation of the proprieties of official life, and unjust to officers whose conduct may be called in question.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None genuine without it.

The Sunday School.

Samuel the Judge.

LESSON 2, SUNDAY, OCT. 14, 1883.

Golden Text.—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7:12.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam. 7: 4-17.

3. And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only: and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.

4. Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only.

5. And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord.

6. And they gathered together at Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord and Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpeh.

7. And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the children of Israel heard of it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

8. And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines.

9. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord: and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

10. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel.

11. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar.

12. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

13. So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel.

14. And the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored to Israel, from Ekron even unto Gath, and the coasts thereof did Israel deliver out of the hands of the hands of the Philistines. And there was peace between Israel and the Amorites.

15. And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life.

16. And he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places.

17. And his return was to Ramah; for there was his house; and there he judged Israel and there he built an altar unto the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Although this lesson is entitled "Samuel the Judge," its facts have to do with the people whom he judged, rather than with himself as their judge. And there is a gain in looking at the lesson in this light; for very few of us are called to be judges, but all of us deserve judging, and all of us are sure to be judged. Here are some of the teachings of this lesson:

1. HOW TO RETURN FROM BACKSLIDING.
1. Quit Sinning (vs. 3, 4)
2. Confess Sin (vs. 5, 6.)
3. Seek Intercession (vs. 7-9.)

2. WHAT TO DO WHEN BACK AGAIN.
1. Show Faith by Works (vs. 10, 11.)
2. Be Grateful and Say So (v. 12.)
3. Enjoy Peace in Service (vs. 13-17.)

1. QUIT SINNING.

Put away the strange gods. Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only (v. 3.) The first thing for any sinner to do is to quit sinning. The Lord's commandments on this point are positive and unqualified in the Old Testament and in the New. "Turn ye, Turn ye," is the cry of the Old Testament. "Convert ye," "Repent," is the cry of the New. There is no commandment to wait for feeling, to wait for impulse, to wait to be moved—and carried by an irresistible outside force. Whatever sin you have been indulging, it is to be dropped and turned away from instantly and heartily. Forgiveness and acceptance and salvation don't lie in the direction of that sin. To right about face, to begin with is your only hope.

2. CONFESSING SIN.

We have sinned against the Lord (v. 6.) To quit sinning is not to make one's self pure. If a man decides to give up mail-robbing and murder as a steady business, that doesn't make him a good citizen. The guilt of his transgressions is still upon him, and he will never be in a hopeful state until he confesses himself guilty. All of us have sinned, and it is our duty to confess sin. Sinning will not be permanently abandoned so long as a sense of its sinfulness is lacking in the mind of him who has sinned. "I have sinned," must be, and is sure to be, the hearty confession of every one who turn to the Lord in sincerity.

3. SEEK INTERCESSION.

The children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the Lord for us, that he will save us (v. 8.) The instinctive longing of a repentant soul is for an intercessor who does not stand under the same condemnation as the guilty one. Even a little child will ask mamma to intercede with papa. It is rarely that an applicant for favor in any sphere does not ask the intercession or mediation of some one who is supposed to have favor with the one in power, and to have sympathy with the one in need. This longing of the soul is of the very nature, and it is provided for in grace. "There is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," ana that man, Christ Jesus said emphatically: "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Only as we seek and have the intercession of Jesus in our personal behalf, have we any well grounded hope of forgiveness from God, but Jesus is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

1. SHOW FAITH BY WORKS.

The men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them (v. 11.) So long as a man is fighting God, he is likely to be afraid of his fellow men when they are against him. But when he is sure that God is on his side, or that he is on God's side, he ought to be in a very different frame of mind. "If God is for us, who can be against us." Mr. Moody says, in illustration of the faith-filled man's effectiveness in real service: "Shamgar was plowing in his field; a frightened man came running over the hill, crying, 'Shamgar, the Philistines are coming. There are six hundred of 'em.' 'All right,' says Shamgar: 'You pass on, I'll take care of them. They are four hundred short; for one shall chase a thousand, and there are only six hundred of them.' And Shamgar went and finished them up with his ox-goad." That is the sort of faith for a returned backslider, or for a new convert; and that is the way to show it. But the quaint suggestion of Mr. Moody is: "Nowadays it seems to take a thousand to fight one," because of scant faith.

2. BE GRATEFUL AND SAY SO.

Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us (v. 12.) The Lord loves to be loved, loves to be thanked; loves to have his people grateful, and to hear them say so. "Whoso offereth praise," he says, "glorifieth me." That is one way of serving God, in which every saved sinner can have a part. And if there is real gratitude in the heart it will come out, it will find expression in words: for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If you are not in the habit of giving thanks to God in words, it is proof that your heart is not running over full of gratitude.

3. ENJOY PEACE IN SERVICE.

And there was peace (v. 14.) Peace is a result of a restful trust in God; and the enjoyment of peace is the duty of every returned backslider, and of every other forgiven sinner. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is sayed on thee, because he truste thin thee."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

Catarrh.

The remarkable results in a disease so universal and with such a variety of characteristics as Catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla acting through the blood, reaches every part of the human system. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with pride to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered upon the hearts of thousands of people it has cured of catarrh.

Mummies from Alaska.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27.—The schooner Kodiac, from the north, brought down four Alaskan mummies, supposed to be at least three centuries old, in excellent preservation. They are similar to those sent the Smithsonian some years ago, and are intended for the Berlin Museum.

Malarial disorders as often attack the people of large Cities as of the country. Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a safe and certain specific.

News of the Week

POLITICAL.

MARYLAND REPUBLICANS.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 27.—The Republican State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney-General, met at 11 o'clock and was called to order by Henry Stockbridge, Chairman of the State Central Committee. Stockbridge addressed the Convention, congratulating it on the good feeling and patriotism that prevailed throughout the State at the Republican primaries, and reviewed at some length the administration of the Democratic party in the State for the past 15 years, charging that it had been a series of maladministration and abuse, and they only hope of the people for reform was in the ascendency of the Republican party.

Hon. J. M. Harrison was elected temporary chairman. On taking the chair Mr. Harrison said he was not here to discuss the constitutional reserved rights of the State, but the plain, absolute rights of the people of Maryland. They were here to perform a plain duty, not to discuss questions of the past. The real friends of reform, of real reform, must not look to the Democratic party, but to the Republicans for a correction of abuses demanded by the people.

Committees on credentials and resolutions were appointed and a recess taken until one o'clock.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 27.—When the Convention reassembled the temporary officers were made permanent, and the report of the Committee on Resolutions was adopted. Hart B. Holton, of Baltimore County, was unanimously named as candidate for Governor. J. H. Smith, (colored), of Baltimore, in the name of 40,000 colored voters of Maryland, guaranteed 40,000 black votes would be placed in the ballot-boxes for Holton.

The ticket was completed as follows: Comptroller, Washington Smith, of Dorchester; Attorney-General, R. Stackett Matthias, of Baltimore. The Convention was addressed by Mr. Holton, its nominee for Governor, who promised, if elected, to carry out every reform pledged in the platform. Mr. Smith, the nominee for Comptroller, also made an address, and the Convention adjourned.

Hon. Hart B. Holton, the candidate for Governor, is a prosperous farmer, and member elect to the next Congress from the Fifth District.

THE COLORED UONVENTION.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 25.—Fred Douglass, in his speech, said: "Now that we are free, we must, like freemen, take the reins in our own hands, and compel the world to receive us as their equals. This City, metropolitan in size, cosmopolitan in ideas, is still not free and liberal enough in its opinions to receive us as equals in public buildings and hotels. This is why we are now sitting in a National Convention. We have been given numerous platforms, but we are still in the same condition. What we want is not words, idle epithets in our praise, but actions. We have never been helped; but assistance comes from sides to help us in our downward course. If we come as carl-drivers or servants we are received; but when we come as scholars, or statesmen, the color line is raised. The colored man is an oppressed and abject race in the United States. The trades unions refuse him admission and machanics refuse him as an apprentice. Our business is to organize for our rights, and for the redress of our wrongs. Some say that we should not hold this convention, for it menaces the Republican party. Parties are made for men, and not men for parties. If parties do right, stand by them, but when they do not uphold the principles laid down in their platforms, down with them. Follow no party blindly. We have learned how to talk, and let us speak for ourselves about civil rights. This stamping out of the black Republicans of the South has been done in the face of the Republican party. This Convention should implore Congress for a restoration of justice, and for the abolition of this most detestable state of affairs. The New York Evening Post makes a great mistake when it says: 'Be modest; you have been but 20 years out of bondage.' These office holders are afraid of our aspirations. We do aspire, and will continue to do so. We have heard the voice of Jacob and felt the hand of Esau; we shall never cease to be a despised and excluded class as long as we are shut out from political preferment. We cannot ignore the fact that to this is to be attributed the degradation of the race. Elevate one of our class to the Vice Presidency or to a position in the Cabinet, and our equality shall have been established."

At the conclusion, a delegate from Louisiana moved that the address be adopted as the address of the Convention and sent to Congress, which was almost unanimously adopted. Then came a scene of confusion, on a motion to appoint a committee on further organization. South Carolina and Mississippi fought each other, and for hours the dispute went on. Finally a call by States was had, and a committee on organization was appointed by States. The Convention then took a recess.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 26.—No expression of opinion is yet reached, and it seems unlikely any will be, owing to the propensity of the entire Convention to talk at the same time. A strong feeling exists to adopt Fred Douglass' speech as the sentiment of the colored people of the Union, and to have the same transmitted to Congress. The Kentucky delegates moved the following, which made a great uproar:

"*Resolved*, That the colored people of the United States, in Convention assembled, do affirm our devotion anew to the Republican party, and will use our utmost endeavors for its continued ascendancy and control of the National Government, believing it to be the best for the interest of the whole people."

The Convention refused to adopt the resolution, many protesting against bringing politics into the deliberations of the body, and only the wise decision of the chair sending the question to the Committee on Resolutions saved the Convention from a split.

The Convention this afternoon accepted the invitation of the general managers and visited the Exposition in a body. To-night a long list of speakers are announced to address the Convention, and actual business for a time is in abeyance. The chances are fair for an adjournment without further actual results.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 27.—The Colored Convention has adopted the following address:

The National Convention of colored men assembled respectfully present the following as embracing and representing their views and sentiments:

First—That we are grateful for and rejoice in the miraculous emancipation that came to our race 20 years ago. The shock of embattled arms was the lullaby of a nation born in a day. We don't, we can't forget the great sacrifice of women and heroic men who made possible a struggle in which treason and slavery were consigned to the common sepulchre. Nor would we be unmindful of the measure of devotion and patriotism that the white and colored soldiers rendered the nation.

Second—We are not insensible to the fact that the Congress of the United States has spread upon the statute books many laws calculated to make us secure in our rights as citizens. Nor would we be forgetful of the magnificent amendments to the Constitution intended to render forever impossible the crime of human slavery.

Third—We do not ask any more class legislation. We have had enough of this, but we do believe that many of the laws intended to secure us our rights as citizens are nothing more than dead letters. In the Southern States almost without exception colored people are denied justice in Courts, denied the fruit of their honest labor, defrauded of their political rights at the ballot box, shut out from learning trades, cheated out of their civil rights by inn keepers, common carrier companies, and left by the States to an inadequate opportunity for education and general improvement.

Fourth—We regard the labor question, education and sound moral training paramount to all other questions. We believe that the question, especially in the South, needs re-casting, and the plantation credits and mortgage system should be abolished. Honest labor should be remunerated. Landholders of the South should recognize that this question is to be solved by encouraging negroes to industry, frugality and business habits, by inciting them to habits of thrift, by assisting them to acquire an interest in the soil, by paying them honest wages for honest work, and by making them contented and happy in the land of their nativity. White men and owners of the soil in the South can settle the question of labor and capital between white and black. We believe in a broad, comprehensive system looking toward the education of young colored girls so that they may become intelligent and faithful women, and young colored boys so that they may learn trades and become useful men and good citizens. The religious and moral training of the youth of our race should not be neglected. The hope of every people is adherence to sound sociological and ethical principles. The moral element in character is of greater value than wealth or education, and this must be fostered by the family and encouraged by the pulpit.

Fifth—The failure of the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Company is the marvel of our times. It was established to receive the earnings of persons heretofore held in bondage and descendants of such persons. It was established by the Government and thought to be solvent. In changing the charter the trustees [illegible] and to the Commonwealth, he would step down and yield him room with more pleasure than has ever attended any other act of his life. Next year we will attend to matters outside and if we are faithful over a few things the Bible tells us we shall be placed over many. If we do our duty we can show that this country is what our fathers made it—the modern Commonwealth of the world. We will make her what she was when Webster said, "There stands Massachusetts, look at her." If anybody should say that to-day I fear somebody would reply, "And there stands Tewksbury, look at her." I want to wipe out all that and all other disgraces.

The Governor's speech closed with the remark that he rested his reputation with the plain people of Massachusetts. Fifteen members of the State Committee were appointed and the Convention adjourned.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

BUFFALO, Sept. 27.—The Democratic State Convention opened under very favorable auspices. Weather cold and clear. There are no decorations in the hall excepting a few wreaths of smilax. Delegates took their seats in a very orderly manner, each one being numbered with a ticket to correspond. As Kelly entered the hall he was cheered by the Tammany and Irving Hall delegations in the galleries. The delegates arrived in a body, no preference being shown to any distinct body on admittance. It was a noticeable fact that John Kelly was the only delegate cheered on entering the hall.

Dan Manning, Chairman of the State Committee, called the Convention to order and presented the name of Alfred C. Chapin as temporary chairman. In accepting, Mr. Chapin, in a very nervous manner, addressed the Convention, expressing thanks for the honor conferred. His remarks were mainly devoted to State affairs. He spoke in the highest terms of the administration of Governor Cleveland. His speech was listened to with very marked attention, and only interrupted when the name of Governor Grover Cleveland was mentioned, then the delegates applauded, Tammany and Irving Hall men, however, remaining silent.

In the roll call, when the name of Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., was reached, the Convention greeted it with long continued cheers.

Francis Lynde Stetson, a County Democracy delegate, presented a protest on behalf of 34 County Democracy delegates against the admission of the Tammany representatives. The protest was referred to the Committee on Contested Seats, when appointed.

Sen. Grady arose when his name was called and gave notice that the Tammany delegates whose names were excluded from the roll would present a protest against the admission of County Democracy delegates.

Ex-Justice Callahan, Irving Hall delegate, said he desired to present a protest against the admission of F. Francis Lynde and 37 others, and Thomas F. Grady and 38 others as delegates. These were also referred.

When the name of John Kelly was called, the Convention applauded loudly and long. In response to the call of an enthusiastic delegate, three cheers were given with a will for Kelly. The County Democracy representatives, however, remained silent.

The usual committees were then appointed and a recess taken.

Upon reassembling the Chairman of the Committee on Contested Seats offered a resolution declaring that in the County of New York an organization known as the County Democracy is the regular Democratic organization of the City and County of New York; that for the purpose of permitting those Democrats in the City of New York not with the County Democracy to unite in the councils of the party, the seats in this Convention to which the County of New York is entitled shall be distributed as follows: To the County Democracy, 58; Tammany Hall, 24; Irving Hall, 16. The Chairman of the Committee moved the previous question.

Grady (Tammany) immediately jumped to his feet and said: "I ask that upon the question as to whether the main question shall be put without a delegate on this floor having the right to say a word, that the ayes and nays be called, and we will find out whether this is a Democratic Convention or whether it is completely under the control of some gag law."

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

ALBANY, Sept. 28.—Early this morning the boiler of the steamer J. S. Robinson, which lay at the foot of Waterloo street, exploded with frightful force, instantly killing Capt. Geo. S. Warner and fireman Wm. Cleary, and seriously injuring Fred Tinslar, engineer, who was blown in the water and narrowly escaped drowning, and Willard Dursnal and Melville Ryan, deck hands. Richard Van Zandt, son of Capt. Van Zandt, of the tug Cora, from New Baltimore, lying alongside the Robinson, was also injured. Capt. Robinson, of the Hattie M. Betts, was thrown from his pilot house on the wharf and severely injured. The Betts, which lay at the stern of the Robinson, was damaged $1,000. The Cora, alongside, was a total wreck, and the C. P. Grout, lying ahead of the Robinson, had her joiner work carried away, and machinery damaged.

The Robinson sank immediately, carrying with it the body of Cleary, the fireman. One section of the boiler, weighing two or three tons, was hurled 400 feet against the top story of a three-story building, crushing in a portion of the wall. Another section, weighing nearly a ton, crashed in the roof of the cottage of E. M. Downing; and still another section was hurled to the rear, crossing the cabin of the coal boat Appolo, and tearing away the roof before it fell into the river. Buildings were shaken, windows shattered, and general consternation prevailed in the vicinity. The exploded boiler was built by Robert Livingston, and was built in 1882.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 28.—Yesterday at Blue Lick Springs, Ky., while three brothers—Sam G., Wm. O. and Thomas Rogers—were taking depositions in the case of the contest of their father's will, Sam G., thinking his brothers were about to draw their weapons, quickly drew his, shot Thomas through the head and William in the shoulder. Both were reported dying last night, Sam is President of the Farmers' Bank, Carlyle, Ky.; William is a St. Louis lawyer, and Thomas a farmer.

CELINA, O., Sept. 29.—John Cantwell, a farmer 60 years old, residing four miles south of here, shot and killed his wife while she was digging potatos this morning. He used a revolver, shot her in the head, then shot himself dead, putting two balls into his head.

PRINCETON, Ind., Sept. 30.—Last night, at the house of Mr. J. Ryerson, Charles Butler shot his wife in the base of the brain with a pistol and surrendered to the authorities. Butler resides at Columbus, and is a nephew to Ryerson, at whose house Mrs. Butler was visiting. Butler is of a respectable family, but has rather a hard personal record.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29.—Frank R. Sherwin, millionaire and owner of the largest stock farm in New Mexico, was arrested at the Tremont to-day by detectives, upon instructions from the District Attorney at Albany, N. Y., and was placed in jail. He is wanted on six indictments for embezzlement and forgery. The story of the crime dates back to 1878, when Sherwin was a banker at Albany, and in conjunction with some State officials defrauded the State out of millions. Sherwin and his confederates was arrested, when the defalcation was discovered, but the prosecution fell through for want of evidence. He went to New Mexico and was again arrested in 1881 and placed under bonds. New evidence having been accumulated against him, his sureties concluded to withdraw from the bond, hence his arrest. He is accompanied by his wife and children and was traveling in princely style. He was first arrested by City detectives, but the Pinkertons having secured requisition papers from Albany, he was brought out on a writ of habeas corpus and turned over to them and taken to Albany to-night.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 30.—About 5 o'clock this morning a story and a half frame house in the eastern part of Shelbyville, Ind., occupied by Wilson Wells as a house of ill-fame, was set on fire and entirely consumed. Flora Garrett and Maggie Wells, two of the inmates, who were sleeping in a back room up stairs, were unable to escape and were burned to death. Kittie Wells, the mistress, and Nelson Pulham and Herman Tornlin, who were sleeping down stairs, escaped. The Garrett girl was about 18 years of age, and her home was in Homer, Rust County. The Wells girl was from Columbus, this State, and aged about 25 years. It is thought by some that the girls were murdered, and then fire set to the house to conceal the crime, as the left breast and arm of the girl was found to have several knife cuts in it, and one with a heavy knife was found near the remains. An inquest was held this afternoon, but nothing definite was decided.

BALA, La., Sept. 30.—Lane, who murdered McNeely at Payne's plantation a few days ago, and his accomplice and companion Brown, have been arrested. When commanded to surrender, they opened fire. A hand-to-hand fight followed. The Sheriff and his two deputies were at a disadvantage, being on horsby horses, and the assailants behind pine trees. Brown was shot in the right hand in the act of firing at the Sheriff. He changed his pistol to the left hand and cont nued firing. He finally surrendered. Lane, as he fell, grasped a handful of cartridges and attempted to load. He lived but five minutes. The Sheriff owned him why he murdered old McNeely. He replied, "he ordered me out of his sugar house and cursed me. No man does that and lives." Brown will be taken to Opelousas. His wounds are not dangerous. During the fight the Sheriff was struck in the forehead by a spent ball, and another passed through his clothing.

ENCASTLE, Va., Sept. 30.—Geo. Thomas charged Algernon Battleheim with enticing Mrs. Thomas from her home. The matter was settled by a duel last evening. Thomas had a double barreled shotgun and Battleheim a six-shooter revolver. At the first shot Battleheimer's face was filled with wounds and he fell after wildly firing twice.

VICENNES, Sept. 29.—Masked men attacked the jail early yesterday, demanding Warner, who murdered Jake Sanders on Saturday. The lynchers were frightened off by shots fired by the Sheriff. Warner told the Sheriff that if he would give him a pistol he would go out and chase the whole crew away.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 29.—This morning shortly before 3 o'clock the Thunderbolt passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was boarded by a band of 12 masked men at Coolidge, Kansas, and Wells, Fargo & Co's. safe robbed. The engineer, refusing to stop the train when ordered by the robbers, was instantly killed, and the fireman severely injured. A boy was wounded, as was also the express messenger. It is impossible to ascertain the amount of booty the gang obtained. The robbery creates the most intense excitement in Kansas City, where it was thought with the breaking up of the James gang, train robbing in the West would be forever ended.

Coolidge, where the robbery was committed, is a small station on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road, 466 miles from Kansas City, and, with the exception of the telegraph operator, is almost uninhabited. Armed possees have been sent out from Kansas, Topeka, Hodge City and other points to pursue and capture or kill the robbers.

LATER.—A dispatch dated Coolidge says S. S. Peterson, the express messenger, is not hurt. The robbers got no money.

DODGE CITY, Sept. 29.—The Cannon Ball train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road was attacked at Coolidge by a gang of cowboys this morning. The engineer was killed, and the fireman so badly injured he will die. The conductor was shot at several times, but escaped injury. The express was attacked, but the messenger repulsed them. A posse of men is now in hot pursuit of the robbers, and a desperate battle will no doubt ensue when they are overtaken.

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—C. J. Dewey, a Montreal produce dealer, reported as having victimized banking houses in Montreal, Boston and New York to a large amount by forged paper, was represented here by reputable persons, who were unaware of his unreliable character. His transactions were with Kidder, Peabody & Co., and the Maverick Banks. The former house received advices from their banking-house at Montreal to advance $30,000, which was done on the presentation of papers which subsequently turned out to be forgeries. The Maverick Bank made advances on 20,000, bills of exchange, taking bills of lading as collateral, which are good, though it is believed the goods are overvalued.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 29.—This morning Mrs. Fannie Bryant-Newton, the mistress of the late Dr. Orin Newton, suicided by taking 15 grains of morphia. She left letters to the Coroner and other persons, including her little child. She made all arrangements for her funeral, leaving a bill of expenses, footing up $85, which sum was inclosed.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 30.—Mrs. Fannie Bryant-Newton, the sensational suicide, will be buried to-morrow. The remarkable circumstances of this case have excited the deepest interest here, and the residence of the deceased was visited to-day by many ladies and gentlemen The methodical manner in which she arranged her affairs and prepared everything for death is believed without a parallel in the history of suicides. She was down-less [illegible] but there was a surprising [illegible] her madness. The [illegible] well known, being [illegible] Campbell, the found- [illegible] Church. Her repu- [illegible]

Newton, who suicided two weeks ago, was a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton.

MINOR MENTION.

At Brownsburg, Ind., in a quarrel at a dance, Enos Scott fatally shot Theodore Gibbs.

At Shelbyville, Ind., at a special election, Charles Vernon was stabbed to death by William Cross.

At Bloomington, Ind., the house of a colored man named Britton burned and his aged mother perished in the flames.

By a land slide at New Winslow, Gilbert Knox, aged 25, was killed, and Charles S. Vanderlin prob bly fatally injured.

D. W. Glassie has been disbarred as a patent attorney before the Interior Department, on account of irregular practices.

An official report of the fatalities consequent upon the earthquakes in Ischia states that 1,900 persons were killed and 374 injured.

In a quarrel and fight in Cincinnati, Peter Danberken knocked August Fink into the canal, and Fink was drowned. Danberken is locked up.

At Moberly, Mo., David Cable, colored, shot and killed his wife. She ran away from his home at Booneville, and refused to return with him. He was arrested.

At Henderson, Ky., Henry Hollowley was shot and killed by Henery Pruitt. The men quarreled because Hollowley was whipping his wife, a step-sister of Pruitt.

The murder of Adah Atkinson, near Lafayette, Ind., is still enshrouded in mystery. Yesterday two bloody handkerchiefs were found hidden in Mr. Atkinson's buggy-seat.

A freight train consisting of 14 cars and two engines went down through a trestle near Snippersville, Pa., killing a brakeman named McCoy and seriously injuring several others.

Fence-cutting prevails to an alarming extent in Coleman County, Tex., and the Governor has offered rewards for the apprehension of those committing the depredations.

Dr. S. Vanderheyden, disappointed at not recovering his position in the French army, shot himself dead at Winfield, L. I., Sept. 15. Saturday his commission arrived from France.

Dan. Dillon, a notorious bully, insulted Robert P. Payne, a farmer, in a saloon at St. Joe, Mo. A quarrel and fight ensued, in which Payne stabbed and killed Dillon. Payne was arrested.

Anti-Jewish excesses are reported in Vezprim, a district of Western Hungary. Seven houses occupied by Jews in two Villages were burned to the ground. Several persons were arrested.

Wm. Gift, a young cigarmaker of Hannibal, Mo., was shot and killed last night by some unknown person. It is thought, however, from the description, that a railroad switchman named James Treadway committed the deed.

At Bryan, Tex., two negros—Louis Martin and Perry Cavett—have been found guilty of murdering a quarrel a farmer named Brockwell. The jury gave Martin 25 years in the penitentiary and assessed Cavett's punishment at death.

Owen Utterback, a prominent farmer, was shot and killed on his farm in Pike County, Mo. Footprints in a cornfield near by were traced to the home of Wesley Collins, between whom and Utterback there was bitter feeling. Collins was arrested.

Col. Frank Davidson, late of the firm of Marmaduke, Brown & Co., St. Louis, and well known in the Westand South, suicided in San Buren, Ark., where he had lately been visiting a newspaper. Financial embarrassment is said to have been the cause.

Patrick McCambridge, a coal miner, was shot and killed at Edwardsville, Ill., Monday night, during a row at the Wabash House, from which he was trying to extricate two of his sons. It is not known who fired the fatal shot, and no arrests were made.

A young man named Hoy recently seduced a girl named Cummings at Allegan, Mich. She took poison, was married to her seducer subsequently, and since died. It now transpires that he bought the poison for her. He will accordingly be arraigned on the charge of manslaughter.

William H. Date, forger and horse-thief, released from the Illinois penitentiary six years ago, since which time he has stolen 13 horses near Monroe, Wis., was arrested last spring at Joslyn, Ill., but escaped from the officers. He was recaptured Wednesday by Add A. Townsend.

The coroner's jury holds the Long Island Railroad directly responsible for the death of Robert Smith, Edward A. Bernens, and Morris Meredith, killed in the collision on the Manhattan Beach and Flushing train on the evening of September 11. Engineer Glenn was released from arrest.

Wolfield Gerard, of Holden, Mass., was shot fatally Saturday night by Charles Toushong, a former mill owner. Toushong says he was afraid of robbers, and had his pistol in his hand as he was driving along. The horse shied when meeting Gerard and his two companions, causing the revolver to go off.

James Holmes, a farmer of Great Barrington, Mass., met a party of three-card monte men Friday, who permitted him to win $1,000 which they had. He went to a bank and borrowed $1,000 on a mortgage of his farm, and while showing the sharpers he could cover all his bets they seized the money an escaped.

A. J. Whittington, Sheriff of Amite County, was stabbed twice in the back at Liberty, Miss., Saturday and killed, by Eugene Sawyer, with whom trouble grew out of politics. Both Democrats. After the murder McElwee was surrounded by a crowd, one of whom shot him. He died in 10 minutes. Both parties are highly connected.

An ingenious method of raising the figures on the new postal notes has just been brought to the attention of the postoffice. The fraud consists in punching from the high figure in the note a piece of paper of the proper shape and size to fill up the hole previously punched by the Postmaster through a lower figure. Written words or figures are then removed by acids and the blanks filled in to correspond with the punched figures. Some notes have been changed so skillfully that it is very difficult to detect the alterations.

Several Heavy Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Coleman Brothers, New York and San Francisco, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors; liabilities $300,000. At the New York house it was said that no statement could be made here in regard to liabilities or assets, the main house being in San Francisco. The concern is devoted to manufacturing. Nothing was learned in regard to the causes of the failure, but it is said it has had no connection with the recent failures in clothing. The firm was established in this City and San Francisco in 1853. The assignment was made at the latter City.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 1.—P. E. Wall, principal in the Glen Woolen Company, at Hampden, notifies the company's creditors of its inability to meet its demands, and requests them to meet in Springfield Wednesday to receive his statement and effect a settlement. The mills have been running with varying success for four years, making fancy cassimeres and overcoatings. Bad luck in selling goods, and the general depression in all of the woolen markets, are the reasons assigned. Liabilities estimated at $65,000.

HUNTINGTON, Pa., Oct. 1.—The failure of Blain Bros., formerly of Ohio, proprietors of the Huntington Car Works, is the greatest disaster that has ever occurred in this City. Its announcement created astonishment among the employes and a portion of the business community. Liabilities, $300,000; assets not over half.

Gen. Hancock.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Dr. J. S. Janeway, being asked as to the condition of Gen. Hancock, gave in reply the following bulletin:

Gen. Hancock is much better this morning. The wound I made is discharging freely, and looks remarkably well. His appetite is good, his digestion normal, and he sleeps well. The statement in a morning paper to-day is incorrect in many, if not all particulars. I know of no kidney troubles, neither do I wish the wound to close, but to heal from the bottom."

Bayard and Butler.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 28.—Sen. Bayard was shown this morning a telegraphed extract from the Chicago Herald's editorial of to-day. While declining to take notice of the Herald's reiteration of the truthfulness of its interview, he furnished Every Evening the following in written form: "Had you shown me the correspondence of the Chicago Herald before you published it, purporting to give an interview with me, I would have shown you how utterly groundless and untrue it was. Nothing ever said by me could possibly be construed into approval or toleration of Gen. Butler's political action, nor willingness to see public power entrusted to his hands."

Grand-Army Day at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 2.—This is Grand-Army day, and the City is in holiday attire, in honor of the veterans. The day opened up gloomy, with steady rain, which ruined many of the decorations, but as noon the clouds passed away and, at this hour (1 o'clock) the sun is shining brightly and the streets are thronged with visitors from surrounding Towns of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia. This afternoon there will be grand parade, in which it is estimated that not less than 10,000 veterans will be in line.

Base Ball.

The Great Race.

BUFFALO, Sept. 29.—The biggest crowd that ever entered at a trotting track in this country was that which assembled at the Gentlemen's Park, Fleetwood, to-day to see Jay-Eye-See, of Wisconsin, struggle for supremacy with St. Julien, of California, for a purse of $5,000. The judges were Frank Ellis, of Philadelphia, Geo. B. Alley and David Bonner. When Mr. David Bonner rang the bell under the roof of the judges' stand at 20 minutes past 3 o'clock, Eph. Snedaker, the man who matched Dexter against time, said: "Well, this is the biggest crowd I ever saw at a horse race." The betting was $50 to $100 on St. Julien. Jay-Eye-See came to the wire at 3:30, wrapped in a light blanket, with Bithers sitting erect and proud behind him, his tapering whip resting upright between his legs. Bithers looked as gay as a courtier in Louis XIV.'s time, in his plum colored silk jacket and silk cap. Hickok, in sober black, drove St. Julien, who, when his blanket was off, showed a trunk stained dark with sweat. Every third man took out his watch, opened it, and held it at his third vest button in readiness.

St. Julien drew the pole, and after two attempts to score for the first heat, they came up together, going off head and head. A hum arose when St. Julien drew away a length at the turn. The little horse did level work down the turn and was at St. Julien's neck at the quarter. On making the turn, St. Julien, on the inside, appeared half a length in the lead. Jay-Eye-See closed up on the back stretch, and the two trotted like a team around the bend to the Point of Rocks. The vast crowd shouted wildly at the beautiful display, but the shouts turned into an ominous roar when St. Julien began to open daylight. At the critical point Jay-Eye-See was equal to the emergency. Keeping his square, strong gait, he reached St. Julien's wheel at the three-quarter pole, and on the turn into the straight was at the old horse's neck again.

It was a terrible brush coming up the straight, Hickok driving a little wide and Bithers keeping clear on the outside about half a length behind. Cries of "Jay-Eye-See' is beaten!" filled the air. The little trotter seemed to understand them. He made an extra spurt and came on, lapping "St. Julien" and beating him in by a nose, the old horse being carried off his feet directly under the wire. This was the first walkiie that had occurred during the mile. The heavy track made the time slow. The quarter was trotted in 35 seconds, the half in 1:07¾, three-quarters 1:42¼, mile 2:20¾.

For the second heat pools were sold for some time at $115 to $100 in favor of "St. Julien." Then they changed to $100 to $70 in favor of "Jay-Eye-See" at 3:50. On the first attempt to score "St. Julien" came up to the wire about a length in advance. Bithers nodded for the word and Hickok went on, taking the pole at the turn from "Jay-Eye-See" and leading by an open length at the quarter. Bithers let the little one out with an encouraging word as he swooped around the bend into the back stretch, reaching "St. Julieu's" wheel in a few strides. He kepton until they were on even terms at the half mile. "Jay-Eye-See" trotted with neck and shoulders clear while making the turn on the far side of the Point of Rocks. A roar came from the long, solid line of spectators when the old horse reached his rival's head at this point; but the long-gaited horse slipped back a length by the time the little horse entered on the last quarter of a mile. "St. Julien" hung to his wheel to near the wire, when he slipped back, and "Jay-Eye-See" took the heat by a length and a half. Time—Quarter, 32½; half, 1:06¾; three-quarters, 1:43½; mile, 2:18¾.

Previous to the third heat, Hickok had some nails driven in "St. Julien's" shoes, hoping that they would prevent him from slipping on the wet track. He said that the horse had slipped on the first quarter, preventing him from going to the half in 1:07, as he would do with a firm grip. Pool selling was stopped by the authorities before the third heat.

As on the two previous heats the veteran came up faster for the word than the young horse. "St. Julien" was three-quarters of a length ahead when he reached the wire. Bithers nodded for the word in a way that showed that the young horse would not mind a little thing like that. At the turn he reached "St. Julien's" mane, and at the quarter they were a length apart, "Jay-Eye-See" in the lead. The young wonder had passed the point his backers dreaded three times in good shape, and now it was dollars to nickels that the 5-year-old would win. Along the back stretch "Jay-Eye-See" began to open the blinds and daylight shot through. He had an open length the best of the old horse at the half mile. Climbing up to the Point of Rocks, "St. Julien" made a game effort to head his rival, closing the gap and ranging alongside. Young blood told in the next furlong, and "Jay-Eye-See" passed into the next quarter a length ahead. Sweeping into the straight he opened another length, and near the stand increased it to four, winning the heat and trot by that distance. The quarter was trotted in 33 seconds, the half in 1:06¾, three-quarters in 1:42, mile in 2:19.

SUMMARY.

Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	Mile.
35	1:07¾	1:43¼	2:20¾
32¾	1:06¾	1:43½	2:18¾
33	1:06¾	1:42	2:19

Mrs. Case and her husband occupied seats in the compact throng on the balcony of the club-house. When "Jay-Eye-See" passed under the wire the third time, winner of the match, she threw her arms spontaneously around the neck of her husband and gave him a hearty kiss. The pleasant-faced owner of the Western trotting wonder returned the salute with interest. Tears stood in his eyes, and he hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Twenty-four thousand tickets were sold.

Wool Growers.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—The National Wool Growers' Association met here this morning. Vermont, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, Texas, Colorado and West Virginia were represented. The entire forenoon session and the larger part of the afternoon was occupied in the election of officers for the ensuing year. Hon. Columbas Delano, of Ohio, the candidate of the convention which met yesterday and expressed its objections to the course of the officers of the association relative to the Tariff legislation on wool, was easily elected President, but a heated discussion ensued upon the nomination of W. Markham, of New York, as Secretary. Notwithstanding the fact that he was on the ticket presented by the objectors, Markham explained there was no foundation for inuendoes as to his motives in connection with Tariff legislation, and after his election by acclamation refused to accept the office. He was, however prevailed on to withdraw his resignation till the afternoon session. When the lesly reconvened Markham again tendered his resignation as Secretary, and after some further wrangling Albert Chapman, of Vermont, was chosen. C. H. Beal, of West Virginia, was chosen Treasurer, and J. P. Ray, of New York, A. Symmes, of Texas, and C. Bronson, of Kansas, were chosen Executive Committee.

Resolutions were passed, as the sense of the Association, that the Tariff rates on imported wools should, at the earliest opportunity, be restored to what they were before the late reduction; that State, District and County Associations, and wool growers in all parts of the country, use every endeavor to secure the efforts of their Senators and Representatives to that end, and that Congress be called on to make the restoration. The meeting ended harmoniously.

Lieut. Greeley.

LONDON, Oct. 2.—The Times gives a report from the Upernavik correspondent of the Copenhagen Journal that Lieut. Greeley, of the American Arctic Expedition, was murdered by his mutinous crew. The report comes from Hans Hendrik, an Esquimaux, with Dr. Natharst. Hendrik reaches his home from Esquimaux at Cape York. The Times considers the report improbable, as Dr. Natharst has never mentioned it.

[NOTE—Dr. Natharst was the geologist of Nordenskjold's expedition. Prof. Nordenskjold telegraphs to the Associated Press from Scrolsber, under date of September 22, that an Esquimaux named Hans Christian, who was interpreter with Dr. Natharst, reported having met a party of Esquimaux at Godhaven, who had come from Wolstenholm. This party stated they had been informed by other natives that the commander of the American expedition and another member of the party were dead. The report printed in the London Times may have been based upon the same story.]

Gov. Sherman Again Stricken Down.

MAQUOKETA, Ia., Oct. 2.—During the progress of the joint discussion here yesterday between Judge Kinne and Gov. Sherman, and while the latter was speaking, he was taken with one of his apoplectic fits and stood motionless and dumb before the assembly for several minutes. When about to fall he was rendered assistance by members of his committee on the stand.

Connecticut Sets the Example for Ohio.

HARTFORD, Oct. 1.—In the Town elections in Connecticut to-day, the result, so far as heard from, shows that the Republicans have carried a large majority of the Towns, making gains apparently upon the figures of a year ago.

"Dr. Benson's Celery Pills cured me of nervous headache." M. Fannie Lockhart, Bishop Pen, Md.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Daniel Webster's monument has been defaced by vandals or relic seekers.

The Santa Fe Railroad has sold at $3.19 per acre all its lands from Topeka westward for 150 miles.

Since September 15th the Postoffice Department has issued 102,605,000 new two-cent postage stamps.

Nearly 1,000 Federal and Confederate veterans are encamped at Maysville, Missouri, for a reunion.

The Irish Nationalists of New York have subscribed $10,000 to a fund for the defense of Avenger O'Donnell.

The Et Pueblo, of Lima, in a leader, speaks of the early evacuation of Lima by the Chilians as a settled fact.

The settlers at St. John's, in the Turtle Mountain country, have called for troops for protection against Chief Little Shell

W. P. Winfield, a dealer in agricultural implements at Buena Vista, Indiana, met his death at a hotel in Indianapolis by blowing out the gas.

A Papal ambassador is now on his way from Rome for Montreal to inquire into the rapid spread of Feee Masonry among adherents of the Catholic faith.

M. A. Dauphin has entered suit against the Postmaster of Washington to compel him to deliver up all registered letters and money orders addressed to him.

The work of straightening the lower portion of the River Liffey has begun. The expense, which is to be borne by the City of Bremen, will, it is estimated, exceed $500,000.

Mayer & Meyer, drapers in woolens in New York, have suspended with $1,000,000 of liabilities. Other firms are involved in the failure. Levy Bros. & Co. fail for $900,000 in preferences.

Postmaster Cole, of Los Angeles, Tex., has been arrested for the defalcation of $1,000. The Postmaster at Fort Concho, on the opposite side of the river, is also in custody for a shortage of $800.

Blanche Gray, a girl of 16 years, whose weight is 517 pounds, was married in a museum in New York to David Moses, a stripling of 20. The minister was drunk, and the whole performance a scandal.

A band of half-breed Chippewa Indians residing in the Turtle Mountains have informed the Surveyor-General of Dakota that they will not permit a Government survey of their reservation to be made.

It is announced that a test will be made of the soldier question under the Civil Service law in a few days, by an appointment in one of the departments giving a soldier the preference under the old law on that subject.

Judge Baxter, in the United States Circuit Court at Cleveland, overruled the demurrer to the petition to set aside the lease of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad to the Erie, and gave complainants leave to amend.

General Sherman has fixed upon November 1 as the date upon which he will turn over the command to General Sheridan and practically retire to civil life, although he will not be placed upon the retired list of the army until February 8.

Emma Bond, the victim of the outrage at Taylorville, Ill., who hung on the verge of death for so many months, is now reported to be improving in health daily, and bids fair to recover. The trial of her alleged assailants takes place in November.

The Grand Jury at St. Louis yesterday reported that the City was under control of a ring of gamblers and notorious individuals, who caused money and threats to corrupt the police and other officials, and called upon the Governor to remove the trouble.

Gen. Belknap presided at a reunion of 250 members of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at Cedar Rapids. Gens. Gresham and McArthur, and the Confederate General Govan are in attendance. The latter captured the Sixteenth Iowa in July, 1864, and he returned the colors taken on that occasion.

At the Michigan State Fair Mrs. Caspar, of Wyandotte, showed triplets and one each of two pair of twins. She has increased her family by seven arrivals within the last five years. The triplets weighed 27 pounds at birth and are now a little more than a year old.

It is stated that James McDermott, who was recently ordered to be discharged from custody in Liverpool, refuses to quit the prison unless police protection is given him, as he fears he will be murdered unless the authorities make provision for his safety.

It is stated that at the coronation ceremonies at Moscow recently a company of the Guards personated the Czar, owing to the fears entertained by the authorities for the latter's safety. Officials of the British special embassy are said to have discovered the deception.

The well known drug house of Junkerman & Haas, Dubuque, made an assignment yesterday to Peter Kline. Liabilities, $118,000; assets, $120,000. The creditors are nearly all local. It was the oldest wholesale drug house in Iowa, having been established in 1854.

Willis Beckwith, the champion swimme of the world, has sailed for England, where he will swim a mile race for $500 a side with James Cinney, the champion swimmer of London. He will return next season to arrange a six day's swimming tournament at either New York or Boston.

The Canada Brewers' Association unanimously deduct seven pounds from the weight of each bale as tare on hops, and allow 50 cents per bale to sellers to cover the cost of material used in sacking. This is following the practice lately adopted by American brewers.

Bradlaugh has addressed a letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, in which he declares he will again demand his seat in the House of Commons on the reassembling of Parliament, and charges Northcote with causing all the mischief growing out of the continued violation of his (Bradlaugh's) rights.

Advices from Colombo, Ceylon, state that the recent earthquake in Java caused a sudden subsidence of the sea at Colombo of 15 feet on August 27. The water rose and fell violently for half an hour, when it resumed its normal condition. Several vessels broke from their moorings. No other damage is reported.

It is stated Judge Fullerton and Gen. Roger A. Pryor have been retained on American counsel for O'Donnell. They as in communication with the London attorney having charge of the case. They orprepared to act in concert with him, are independently, and have determined o apply for a postponement of the trial.

A new commercial treaty has been proposed to the Government of Liberia by the Government of Spain. A specially novel feature of the treaty is that Spain agrees to guarantee as full and complete protection to life and property to free negros visiting, for a lawful purpose, Cuba or Porto Rico, as has heretofore been granted any foreigners visiting any port in the Spanish dominions.

Surgeon Main, of the marine hospital service, Brownsville, Tex., sends the following, recently received from Mexico: "In Ixpalnatto, State of Chiapas, a panic reigns on account of the great mortality caused by black smallpox. The Town has a population of 10,000, and 1,200 have died, decomposition setting in, in many cases, before death."

Sec. Folger has just rendered an important decision with regard to the construction of section 7 of the Tariff law relating to packages and coverings of imported merchandise. He holds that the cost or value of the outside covering into which the goods are finally put for land and ocean carriage is not to be taken as a part or an addition to the value of the goods, nor are the value of goods to be considered as enhanced because of outside coverings having been put about them.

ROYAL
ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, } WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3, 1883.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$1,937,900
Specie, decrease	358,900
Legal tenders, decrease	1,973,100
Deposits, decrease	3,905,900
Circulation, decrease	209,800
Reserve, decrease	1,032,525

The banks now hold $87,425,825 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at ½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 6@7 per cent. Bar silver, 110½. Sterling Exchange weak; $4 82¾ for 60 days; sight, $4 84¾. Government Bonds firm. State Securities quiet. Railroad bonds firm. Stocks—Since 11 o'clock the market has been weaker and 1@2¼ per cent lower. During the past hour Gregon Transcontinental led the decline. The market at the present time is quiet.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 114; 4s, 120¾; 3s, 101 bid; Pacific 6s, 95, 130 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 2	Sept. 25.
4½'s, coupons	114	115⅛
4's	120⅝	120½
3's, registered	101	103¼
Pacific 6's of '95	129	130

TRADE.

The encouraging reports from trade centers of the condition of trade, that were noted in last week's BLADE, were not less so than those of the past week. Business is in a healthy and safe state and activity is everywhere to be seen.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 Red Wheat sold at 107c in this market; on Wednesday it receded to 103½c; on Thursday it again declined, touching 101½c; on Friday 04½c was the figure; on Saturday it rose to 105c, and on Monday it was recorded at 103½c, showing a decline for the week of 1½c.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange cash Wheat sold a little less liberally than on yesterday, but prices were lower.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day ..... 18,500 bu
Sales yesterday ..... 21,000 bu

No 2 Red Wheat, 103c; No 2 Red Wabash do, 103¼c, 1c decline; No 3 Red Wheat, Wabash, 95c; No 5 Red Wheat, Wabash, 90c; Lake Shore, 89½c, and D & M, 88c. Rejected Red Wabash, 88c.

For future delivery sales were fairly free. Market lower.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Sales to day..	110000	145000	49500	28000	
" yesterday..	53500	57000	75000	42000	5000

Seller October, 103c, 1¼c off; seller November, 101c, and finally 100½c, 3¼c lower; seller December, 98½c, 1c decline; seller January, 111c, 1c depressed.

Cash Corn sold briskly.

Sales Cash Corn to-day ..... 47,000 bu
Sales yesterday ..... 25,500 bu

High-mixed Corn, 53c, 1½c up; No 2 Corn, 52c, 2½c decline; Rejected Corn, 49c, and to close, 50c, 1½c up; No Grade Corn, Narrow Gage, 48½c.

For future delivery No 2 Corn was not sought after.

Sales to-day ..... 12,000 bu
Sales yesterday ..... 2,500 bu

Seller October, 52c, 1½c off; seller November, 52c, 2½c decline.

Oats active for cash. No 2, 33½c; No 2 White, 32c; seller October, 33½c; seller December, 31c.

Clover Seed—Sales 256 bags. Market lower. Prime, $4.85, 5c off; No 2 Seed, $4.60, 5c down.

The price of wheat for cash in this market for the week ended Monday, Oct. 1, 1883, was:

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Mon
No. 2 Red....	107	105½	104½	104½	104½	105	105½	
No. 3 Red....	....	99	98	98	98	....	98	

The price of No. 2 Red wheat for for future delivery, week ended Monday, Oct. 1, was:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	107	106¼	103½	111	113
Wednesday	....	105¼	103¼	110¾	111¾
Thursday	....	104	106	108½	110¼
Friday	....	104¼	1 04½	108½	110½
Saturday	....	105	107¼	109¼	111½
Monday	....	105¾	107¼	109¾	112

The prices of spot corn for the days named week ended Monday, Oct. 1, was:

	High-mixed.	No. 2.	Reject
Tuesday	....	54½	50½
Wednesday	....	54½	....
Thursday	....	....	50
Friday	....	....	49
Saturday	....	52½	49
Monday	53	52½	49

The wheat markets of the United States opened without strength in the beginning of the week, and were weak each succeeding day until Saturday, when a stronger tone occurred, and on Monday the market closed higher, but lacked firmness. It is becoming more apparent daily that notwithstanding the large visible supply of wheat, there must come an European demand for the cereal. Unless reports are radically wrong there is a shortage in Europe that must be largely supplied by America. No better argument of this can be given than the following table, from the New York Produce Exchange Weekly. Estimates of the crops of the various countries, supplied to the International Congress of Vienna, which opened on the 5th of August—100 taken to represent an average:

	1883		1882	
	Wheat.	Rye.	Wheat.	Rye.
Prussia	90	84	105	105
Saxony	80	55	105	95
Upper and Lower Bavaria	80	70	120	95
Swabia & Franconia	101	100	130	140
The Palatinate..	75	50	110	85
Baden	92	92	100	92
Wartemburg..	87	78	110	100
Mecklenburg..	93	105	120	130
Switzerland	90	75	105	75
Denmark	100	100	105	100
Sweden and Norway	105	70	105	105
Austria	85	80	111¼	105½
Hungary	100	86	157	108½
Italy—North	65	70	135	80
Center	87½	87½	110	....
South	80	....	110	....
France	....	85	100	90
Holland	100	90	105	105
Belgium	....	....	100	115
United Kingdom	80	....	110	....
Russia—Courl and	77½	77½	95	95
Other N Provinces	95	90	95	100
Podolia	60	80	115	100
Center	80	87	90	90
South	85	110	92	90
Besser